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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1812

JANUARY 26, 1907

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THE LITERARY WEEK

A RECENTLY published volume, "The Public Schools from Within" (Sampson Low), contains an interesting paper by Mr. J. O'Regan on "The School Magazine." The particular school magazine he writes of is *The Marlburian*, which has a record, in all, of nearly sixty years' life, and can number among its contributors Messrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins, E. F. Benson, Eustace Miles, E. K. Chambers, S. H. Butcher, A. C. Hilton and C. L. Graves—a good list. The editors (there were four) of *The Marlburian* seem to have been a little severe. They rejected most of the contributions from outside and wrote the greater part of the paper themselves. And in apology they published the following stanza:

Our strictures, like House-masters' "measures in season,"
Are all for the best, though they're harsh at the time;
'Tis a kindness to show you your essays lack reason,
As much as your verse is deficient in rhyme.

—A kindness for which many editors, and not only of school-magazines, have had to suffer the reproaches of the rejected.

Mr. O'Regan declares that school magazines have often had to give up the attempt to encourage literature in the school for lack of worthy material. On the other hand, many budding talents have been fostered by these school-papers, and have learned to do better by their early mistakes. How feeble one's things in prose and verse used to appear when printed! Or—according to the author's temperament—how grand did they not seem! And there has been many a case of really brilliant work first published in a school-paper. After all, it is largely written by men (?) of eighteen or nineteen, an age at which many a poet outside the public school circles has published of his best.

Not long ago the Eton paper contained some exceedingly clever light verses which have since been collected and published; the author conceals himself under the difficult name of "Signa Severa." A good many of the late Lionel Johnson's poems appeared in the pages of *The Wykehamist*; and we remember the pages of that journal giving much space one summer term to a long correspondence on the vocabulary of Victor Hugo, which sat cheek by jowl with cricket reports, in the happy jumble typical of the school-boy mind. And not of the school-boy mind only. We have seen papers for adults which were equally "various."

In the same volume ("The Public Schools from Within") Mr. Kennedy of Halleybury, discoursing on

School Libraries, pleads for a little novel-reading to be permitted. The plea is a good one. It is a choice between reading novels and talking shop, and a little change is good, if only the novels are carefully chosen. When the present writer was about eighteen, and rather prided himself, perhaps, on a dawning knowledge of English literature, he was asked by a maiden lady whether at his school the boys were allowed to read any books they liked. His scorn rendered him almost dumb (he had lately finished "Tom Jones"); but, if (which Heaven forbid!) he were ever to be a schoolmaster, he would try to exercise a severe supervision over the books read, to the exclusion, not so much of the so-called "coarse" or "immoral," as of the feeble, the washy and the affected. "Tom Jones" would be on the shelves; "The Sorrows of Satan" would not. There would be all the old ballads, and none of the modern dilutions of them; Byron's poems complete, but not a line of Mr. A. B. or Miss X. Y. Z. And the novels should be made, so far as possible, stepping-stones, as the poet rather inaccurately puts it, to higher (or stiffer) things. We owe an immense debt of gratitude to the schoolmaster who, finding us yawning over a feeble novel, suggested: "Why not read Macaulay's History?" and added, with a twinkle in his eye, the old jest: "It's more exciting than any novel!" And so it proved.

One of the most interesting books published in connection with the annual celebration of the birthday of Burns is that by Mr. T. F. Henderson on Ayrshire as it was in the time of the poet. Mr. Henderson is an expert on Burns, for he had to do the lion's share of the research work when he and Henley published their well-known edition. But perhaps more interesting than the text are the pictures in this book. Mr. Monro S. Orr has probably worked from drawings and old prints. At any rate "the auld clay biggin" with its thatched roof covered with snow is exactly like the place in which the Scottish cotter used to live. He has also given a very realistic picture of the Tam o' Shanter Inn at Ayr, the "chapman billies" being carefully studied in regard to dress. The bridges, that is to say, the Auld Brig at Ayr and that at Doon, are very fine studies and help us greatly to realise the scenes that must have struck the eye of the young poet. The book has an interest beyond mere illustration, as the picture recalls a very interesting Scotland that has completely changed since the time of Burns.

There is a manuscript volume somewhere about the world (it appears from an old newspaper cutting) which literary "fanciers" would give a good deal to find. In it are transcribed some of the Paraphrases of the Psalms. Every alternate page is blank, and on these pages are entered certain emendations in three different hands, one of which is described as "masculine, massy, mysterious." The cutting goes on to add that this portentously described caligraphy was submitted, in lithographed facsimile, to the eldest son of Robert Burns, who identified it as his father's. "No man ever wrote like Burns," he said, "but I never knew before that my father had been consulted regarding the Paraphrases." The Paraphrases, however, were naturally congenial to the Burns who was accustomed to read the Bible to his assembled farm-hands at Ellisland, and who wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Nor need we be surprised to learn that the poet's alterations, which are embodied in the authorised collection of the Paraphrases, are an improvement on the original versions.

There seems to be no limit to the field touched upon by anthologists, the latest compilation, called "A Garden of Spiritual Flowers," being a collection of prayers from the devotional books of the reign of Elizabeth. It is a singular fact, that has often been noted, that the art of writing prayers has been practically lost. At any rate,

no petition made in modern times will compare with these beautiful compositions of the reign of Elizabeth. The Book of Common Prayer possesses a literary interest scarcely inferior to that of the Revised Version itself. Its language is invariably pure and often touches a grace and beauty unexcelled in any other prose of the language. Never, we think, did Ruskin make a greater mistake than when he found fault with what he considered the redundancies. In spite of what he said the language is almost perfect.

A very interesting note appears to the new edition of Sonnets of Samuel Waddington. The author says:

The late illustrious critic, Mr. W. E. Henley, in an otherwise favourable review of my "Century of Sonnets," took exception to the occasional use therein of variant forms of the sonnet, such as that with octosyllabic lines; and the poet, Mr. William Watson, in a letter he addressed to me in 1890, expressed somewhat similar views. I fully concur with both of these writers in thinking that the legitimate form of the Guittonian sonnet with decasyllabic lines is the best, and I have almost invariably used it.

It may be interesting to quote the sonnet which is generally thought to be Waddington's best, and which was included in the "Century of Sonnets":

It was late summer, and the grass again
Had grown knee-deep,—we stood, my love and I,
Awhile in silence where the stream runs by;
Idly we listened to a plaintive strain—
A young maid singing to her youthful swain—
Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow we know not why;
"If spring be past," I said, "shall love remain?"

She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own—
"Spring days are gone, and yet the grass, we see
Unto a goodly height again hath grown;
Beloved, thus love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring-days have known."

If authors were to be judged by their fertility and copiousness, a very high place would have to be awarded to Mrs. Stannard, who claims that her last novel is the ninety-sixth which has come out under her pen-name of John Strange Winter. Nor does the ninety-six include everything, as she informs us that there are, in addition, nine long supplements to the *Family Herald*. It is no wonder that at the end she has to confess, "I am now tired of writing novels"; and it sounds pathetic when she adds, "But it does not do to be tired of earning one's living." The confession altogether is a very sad one. We are afraid that earning one's living and literature have, in the case of novels, very little to do with each other.

Novelists who try to trim their sails to the breeze ought to study the halfpenny press. If they do they will come upon such treasures as the following, which is described in a large-type heading as "A Romantic Reunion of Old Village Lovers":

A broken village courtship has just had an interesting sequel. After more than fifty years of separation, Mrs. Ellen Briggs of Stevenage, Herts, is going out to Australia to marry the lover of her early days. Mrs. Briggs, who is seventy-six years of age, lost trace of her sweetheart, and has since been three times married. The man himself has survived four wives. Now he has communicated with the object of his youthful affections, and is anxious to marry his sweetheart of half a century ago.

The romance attaching to a marriage after three weddings had been gone through by one of the parties and four by the other is a very modern product.

No one would associate the appalling disaster in Jamaica with any touch of the absurd. Mr. Hall Caine, however, is able to adorn every subject with colours of his own choosing. Like a conjurer, he produces oranges and rabbits from the most unlikely places. On January 16 he took occasion to inform the audience

of the Adelphi, where his own play is running, that he had received a personal communication from Mr. Winston Churchill in regard to his brother's safety. How many of the audience were thirsting for news of Mr. Ralph Hall Caine we do not know. It is reasonable to suppose that if any of them were suffering from anxiety for near relatives in the island they would have foregone or postponed the pleasure of seeing *The Bondman*; but even the prospect of a new Lycidas, another Adonais, or a twentieth-century Thyrsis being added to our literature would hardly have compensated them for the loss of Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, whom we are glad to see contributing some days later to a contemporary a healthy account of the disaster. It suggests a new reading for Milton:

Where the great vision on the Greeba mount
Looks towards Namanxos, and Hall Cainia's hold.

It is a curious literary and dramatic precedent which, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Hall Caine has established. How odd it will seem if one evening after the curtain has fallen on *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Mr. Bernard Shaw announces that he has just received a telegram from Sir Frederick Treves saying that his uncle, from whom he has expectations, was successfully operated on for appendicitis! Or if we read in the morning paper: "At the close of the performance of *The New Aladdin* last night Mr. George Edwardes announced that he had received a telegram from the Home Office, saying that in a recent railway disaster at Salisbury no one had been identified as an habitual visitor at the Gaiety Theatre." Or that, "At the Garrick Theatre last night Mr. Arthur Bouchier announced before the curtain rose that in a recent dynamite explosion at Liverpool only one dramatic critic was killed." At His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday evening Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in the entr'acte, read a telegram from Lord Northcliffe: "Your brother Max has arrived at Naples; Vesuvius is quite safe."

The season of German Opera is now in full swing, and the performances have been as well attended as their excellence deserves. The popularity of Grand Opera is becoming so great that the good day is not far distant when music lovers will not be obliged to wait for foreign visitors and to pay exorbitant prices for seats or be crowded into impossible places, as is now too often the case at Covent Garden. One of the most interesting features of this Winter Season is the production of Weber's *Freischütz*. It has not been given for many years in England and is seldom heard even on the Continent. Yet the opera is pure music, full of melody and grace, and the story is simple and delightful. We can see no reason why it should not be played for a run, as they say; and its production would considerably ease the strain of perpetual Musical Comedy with its incessant suggestion and vulgarity. People like to feel that they are being educated (Weber would educate them musically), and if they went with set and serious faces, they would soon find their hearts lightened and their ears thrilled by the exquisite, simple melodies and the gay insouciance of the work.

The applause that broke in after Caspar's great drinking song and Agathe's "Leise, leise" showed that the audience could not keep their delight within the bounds which usually obtain at the Opera that is haloed by the epithet Grand. Many useful recruits have been found, of whom we feel confident that more will one day be heard: notably Madame Mary Grey, who has not previously, we believe, appeared in Opera, but whose recital last year bore witness to a superb quality of voice and a fine capacity for comprehending great music. We hope that the Winter Opera Season will become a permanent institution: it is not possible to have too much of such a conspicuously good thing.

A correspondent writes: Beside the amended Liturgy of which your contributor gave us the other week some delightful examples, the rendering of the 23rd Psalm found in a native hut in West Africa—according to a daily paper, which reproduces it—deserves to take its place:

Diet is my pastor. I shall not be indigent.
He maketh me to recumb on the verdant lawns. He leadeth me beside the unrippled liquidities.

He restoreth my spirit. He conducteth me in the avenues of restitude for the cillibrity of his appelations.

Indubitably though I perambulate through the glen of the umbrages of the sepulchral dormitories I shall not be perturbed by any appalling catastrophe, for thou art present thy wand and thy crook insinuate delectation.

Thou spreadest a reflection before me in the midst of inimical scrupulations. Thou performest my locks with odoriferous ugent my chalice excubrates.

Unquestionably benignity and commiseration shall continue all the diuturnity of my vitality and I shall eternize my habinance the mistropolis of nature.

God Save the King!

We should like further particulars concerning this remarkable translation.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though we cannot agree with Pope:

In beauty or wit
No mortal as yet
To question your Empire has dared,

we owe a debt of gratitude for the light she has thrown in her letters on the manners of her age. She quarrelled with her ardent admirer in the end, and her temper does not appear to have been an equable one, but she possessed the qualities of sound common sense and humour, united to a love of literature and no small measure of discrimination, and we are interested to learn that the lady who styles herself "George Paston" has unearthed a number of hitherto unpublished letters among the Wortley Montagu manuscripts at Sandon Hall, which are to be embodied in a new Life to be published this spring by Messrs. Methuen.

The net book system is very far-reaching in its effects. One phase of the question is its influence on the public libraries of the country. We have touched upon this aspect of the matter in these columns on several occasions. The Council of the Library Association has been actively engaged in endeavouring to obtain concessions similar to those given to public libraries on the Continent and in America, and to Governmental libraries in this country, but up to the present without success. "As the great extension of the net book system and the new regulation prohibiting the sale of new books at second-hand within six months of publication are matters of grave importance to libraries generally," a special conference of libraries and delegates will be held at 20 Hanover Square on February 27 at 4.30 P.M.

The list of Mr. Carnegie's gifts, to which we referred a few weeks since, contains the names of twenty-five libraries. Five of these obtained small sums, as additions to those previously received, for the completion of buildings, or to defray excess expenditure. Four only are sums under £2000. This is satisfactory as showing that the number of small libraries, which can hope for success only in a comprehensive county scheme, is not increasing proportionately. Ten of the gifts were for the extension, or rebuilding of existing libraries, or for the provision of branches. These particulars do not include those of gifts to the libraries in our colonies, nor to those in the United States. The greatest need of the public library movement in this country, apart from the needs embodied in the Omnibus Library Bill and already referred to on several occasions in these columns, is the foundation of a professorial chair. Compared with the sums freely given for the erection of libraries the cost of the endowment of this would be insignificant.

LITERATURE

SELECT EPIGRAMS

Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Edited with revised Text, Translation, Introduction and Notes, by J. W. MACKAIL. New edition revised throughout. (Longmans, 14s. net.)

Is there any fixed standard of literary taste? Juvenal speaks of Statius as an enchanting poet, and Addison shared his enthusiasm. Dante, Addison and Macaulay regarded Lucan as one of the great poets of the world; now it is rare to meet a man who has read through the "Pharsalia" or the "Thebais," and Martial doubts whether Lucan is a poet, though he sells well; as did Martin Tupper fifty years ago, though now his "Proverbial Philosophy" shares the oblivion which has overwhelmed Montgomerie's "Satan" and Pollok's "Course of Time." Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son on January 25, 1745, calls the Greek epigrams "the worst company in the world," adding "Martial has wit, and is worth your looking into sometimes." Mr. Mackail, in his "Latin Literature," says of Martial:

He appealed strongly to all that was worst in Roman taste—its heavy-handedness, its admiration of verbal cleverness, its tendency towards brutality.

He likens some of Martial's epigrams to the cracker mottoes of modern times, and, in contrasting him with the Greek Anthology in its flourishing period, writes:

The art practised with such infinite grace by Greek artists of almost every age between Solon and Justinian was at this [Martial's] period sunk to a low ebb. The contemporary Greek epigrammatists all show the same heaviness of handling and the same tiresome insistence on making a point.

Mr. Mackail's Introduction is an entirely delightful piece of work. The subtle and beautifully expressed analysis of the Oxford Professor of Poetry makes it quite a different thing from the ordinary introduction to a classical edition by an editor who, however excellent as a scholar, is seldom trained to investigate minutely how our sensibilities and emotions are related to the art of expression and affected by the mystery of the external world. Mr. Mackail is no indiscriminate eulogist of the epigrammatists even at their zenith. He admits that Nature has a smaller part in the Anthology than in modern poetry:

The appeal from man to Nature, and especially the appeal to Nature as knowing more about man's destiny than he knows himself, was unknown to the Greek poets.

One cannot imagine a Greek poet taking Nature into his confidence or emphasizing her sympathy with his moods as in Tennyson's:

On the bald street breaks the blank day;

or Lytton's:

The day comes up above the roofs
All sallow from a night of rain.

When Burns sings:

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

he craves sympathy. When Meleager (about B.C. 100) asks the meadows why they laugh in vain, it is only to point out that they need not aspire to rival the radiance of Zenophile's smile.

The Greek, like the Japanese, anthropologists had an intensely sensuous love of the outer world, the delights of soft grass, flowers, cool waters, sunshine, shade and murmuring sound; but none of them would have thought of saying, with Wordsworth, of a lovely maiden:

And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face;

or with Shelley:

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

Which of them had a heart that danced with the daffodils, or was in love with the sweet jargon of all the little birds that are? Even the "Thalysia" of Theocritus, "that perfect example of the poetry of a summer day," stops short of describing natural objects for their own sake apart from their relations to man. On this Mr. Mackail makes an interesting comment:

Perhaps the nearest approach that Greek poetry makes to this is a remarkable fragment of Sophocles describing the shiver that runs through the leaves of a poplar when all the other trees stand silent and motionless.

He compares the fragment (*Aegeus*, fr. 24) with the glorious simile in Keats's "Hyperion" beginning:

As when upon a tranced summer night,

in which the forest trees are "green-robed senators."

We have said that the Greek poet could not have uttered the sentiment of Shelley quoted above; but we do not mean that he did not share Shelley's sense of man's misery. Death and great darkness after death lay like a pall over the pageant of the world:

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.

Sometimes life is a thorn without a rose. Here is a wail from Leonidas of Tarentum, § 12, 27 (fl. B.C. 270):

Infinite, O man, was the foretime until thou camest to thy dawn, and what remains is infinite on through Hades. What share is left for life but the bigness of a pinprick, and tinier than a pinprick if such there be? Little is thy life and afflicted: not sweet, but more loathed than hateful death.

Sometimes, too, the rose finds a place. Rufinus (fl. under Justinian), sending a garland to Rhodoclea (§ 9, 2), adds:

Garlanding thyself with these flowers cease to be high-minded; even as the garland thou also dost flower and fall.

Anon there is the gentle resignation of Wordsworth, in an epitaph (§ 3, 42) on a girl who died young, by Callimachus (fl. B.C. 250):

The daughters of the Samians often require (*δίψηται*) Crethis, the teller of tales, who knew pretty games, sweetest of workfellows, ever talking: but she sleeps here the sleep to which they all must come.

One feels what a delightful creature was Crethis, and one is reminded of that charming poem of Mr. Arnold, "Strew on her roses, roses," which is so redolent of Greek Anthology, especially in the verse:

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Here is a desperate saying (§ 3, 62) of Callimachus, in which the poet questions the dead man, who answers:

O Charidas, what of the under world? Great darkness. And what of the resurrection? A lie. And Pluto? A fable: we perish utterly.

But, again, many of the epigrammatists find consolation in the sources to which Omar Khayyam so constantly appeals. Of this vein a good example is xii. 13, by Zonas (fl. B.C. 80):

Give me the sweet cup wrought of the earth, from which I was born and under which I shall lie dead.

And this, xii. 2, by Nicarchus (probably under Nero):

Must I not die? What matters it to me whether I depart to Hades gouty or fleet of foot? For many will carry me. Let me go lame, I will not leave my revelling, I fancy, to save them labour.

The great majority of the epigrams, however, breathe a spirit of gaiety and light-heartedness, which in Roman times often degenerated into crudity and even vulgarity. We have the snake-bite when:

The man recovered of the bite,
The snake it was that died,

and the lady who can boast that her hair is her own because it is bought and paid for. Jest of Roman times on tumours, ruptures, and other bodily infirmities suggest a low standard of taste; but they form a very infinitesimal fraction among more than five thousand epigrams embracing a thousand years; and no offensive pieces, of course, have found their way into the five hundred selected by Mr. Mackail. The notes, as might be expected from the Professor of Poetry, are full of delightful parallels from modern literature, and they show finished scholarship.

Mr. Mackail justly remarks that most readers would agree on three-fourths of the epigrams to be admitted, while with regard to the remainder, perhaps hardly two persons would be in accordance. We own we missed a few favourites. We should have welcomed more from that consummate artist Paulus Silentiarius, who, under Justinian, rivalled the grace of Meleager. We missed Herodicus with his admirable description of the dry-as-dust pedants who "settled *Hof's* business" in the ancient world:

γνωσθόμενους, μονοσύλλαβοι, οἱσι μέμλε
τὸ σφίον καὶ σφῶιν καὶ τὸ μὲν ἤδὲ τὸ νῦν.

But most of all do we regret the absence of one epigram of Callimachus, not only on account of its cleverness, but because it illustrates Bentley's amazing powers as an emendator. The epigram before Bentley ran thus:

τὴν ἀλὴν Εὐδήμου, ἐφ' ἣν ἄλλα λιτὸν ἐπελθὼν
χειμῶνας μεγάλους ἐξέφυγεν Δαναῶν.

The last word was the correction of a supposed error, *δανέων*, debts, found in all the manuscripts. With this correction the meaning was supposed to be:

Eudemus dedicates the ship in which, after crossing a smooth sea, he escaped great storms of the Danai (i.e., such as they encountered).

Bentley [saw what poor stuff this was, that *ἀλὴ* was "a saltcellar," and *δανέων*, debts, was right. The change of one letter turned nonsense into wit; he corrected *ἐπελθὼν* to *ἐπέσθων* and translated:

Eudemus dedicates his saltcellar with which by picking from it a frugal grain of salt he escaped the ill winds of debt.

Beautiful as is Mr. Mackail's prose translation, one craves verse. Perhaps that is an impossible consummation, though devoutly to be wished. If it should ever be achieved, Mr. Mackail is the man to do it. It would have been pleasant to quote a few of the best verse renderings, but they would probably be familiar to many of our readers.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE PEDESTRIAN MUSE

Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays. By the Hon. ALBERT S. G. CANNING. (Unwin, 16s. net.)

ONCE upon a time, when one of the Napoleons who have parcelled out the field of modern journalism among them was in the making, he was advised to secure the services of a young man of brilliant promise. The latter had written a book—one of those made with blood and tears—and sent it as the only credential he cared to show. In reply the said Napoleon suggested a series of "catching" articles, and added: "I will peruse your volume." And that was the last communication that passed between them. "Peruse" was the word that killed the correspondence. "I have perused a bill, and, sad to say, I have perused a summons; but to peruse my book!" Whereupon the young man bestowed much bad language upon

the budding Napoleon, and applied to him many slangy and irreverent terms, of which the mildest was "rotter." A memory of this incident was suggested by the book before us. Its author is a master of the prosaic, nor have we encountered any other commentator equally skilled in the art of reducing noble poetry to small beer. The book contains more than five hundred pages of solid print, and the plan adopted is to make a running analysis of each play accompanied by a description of the most famous passages. Here, taken at random, is a description of the three witches in *Macbeth*:

These three, in their first conversation together, reveal malignant hatred to the human race, as well as their great, yet strangely limited power, and also their complete union in design and thought. One of the witches relates having been refused some chestnuts by a sailor's wife, and vindictively discloses her plan of revenge on the husband, regretfully admitting her limited powers of mischief, which enable her to torment the luckless sailor for a certain time, but not to destroy his vessel.

"Vindictively discloses her plan of revenge"; "regretfully admitting"—do not these attain to a delicious perfection of commonplace? The following characterisation of Lady Macbeth is equally worthy of notice:

She is a thoroughly hardened, ambitious woman, resolute and utterly unscrupulous. Her love for Macbeth, upon which so much stress has been laid, seems, when considered in reference to her worldly position and interests, worthy of little, if any, commendation. She knows her fortunes are now linked with his, and that with his increasing power her own will rise proportionately, owing to her influence over him.

Study and analysis indeed! "Worthy of little, if any, commendation" is a phrase to be proud of—excellent "good words." Mr. Canning's reprehension of Macbeth and his wife is done in a style that would not disgrace a village schoolmaster. "They are merely a cruel, ungrateful, selfish couple." They pursue a mean object, and the Hon. A. S. G. Canning is astonished that "Lady Macbeth has been represented both on the stage and in song with a dignity and grandeur almost worthy of Catherine of Aragon, Joan of Arc, or Margaret of Anjou."

At the risk of boring our readers we must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting one more passage about Lady Macbeth:

She is evidently meant to be a person of great spirit and daring but her plot against the King is worthy of the most cowardly assassin who was ever deservedly executed. Shakespeare makes Lady Macbeth confess that, had not Duncan resembled her own father when asleep, she would have slain him herself. This very slight touch of human feeling has been much commented on, as if it were rather redeeming, yet, if examined, it is surely of very little consequence. She was about to commit a deliberate murder, but fancied the intended victim resembled one of her own family, so preferred to have him killed by another, while fully resolved on his death. Had he resembled any one else, she would have murdered him herself without scruple.

But at times the author is suggestive, as when, after the passage: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," etc., he remarks that this "passionate appeal would have been more suitably addressed to a clergyman, or trusted friend, than to a medical man"! The zenith of the quotidian is, however, reached in the description of the celebrated lines:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing

This is "a brief yet wise reflection on the shortness and uncertainty of human life." Enough of *Macbeth* and the excursions into the bathos it has prompted. A word must be devoted to Sir John Falstaff. The Hon. A. S. G. Canning comments on the first part of *Henry IV.* in the very spirit of paterfamilias! "Sir John is a compound

of self-indulgence, falsehood, licentiousness and shameless roguery," while Hal, Prince Henry he is primly called, is dealt with thus:

Satisfying his too easy conscience by purposing reformation, he never considers the vile example every hour of his life sets even to his younger brothers—none of whom, happily, follow it—nor the grief and shame, if not danger, which it causes to his toil-worn father, to whose sense and energy he owes alike his present position and high expectations. He flatters himself that the more dissolute he now is the more noble will his altered conduct make him appear in future, forgetting that he might die at any moment, leaving a reputation disgraceful and even dangerous to his family and the nation.

After that it would be creating a surfeit of good things if we were to quote the unconscious humour of the analysis, paraphrase or solemn travesty of Sir John's witty speeches. No equal revelation of the absolute commonplace has ever appeared in an English book. One would have imagined it to be almost incredible that any one should be attracted to the study of Shakespeare who did not take a deep delight in those exquisite passages in which we see the genius of the poet raised to its utmost heights; but to these the author seems blind.

AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGE RULES

Kinship Organisations and Group Marriage in Australia. By N. W. THOMAS. (Cambridge: University Press, 6s. net.)

MR. THOMAS'S book of a hundred and sixty pages is the necessary complement, and to some extent the criticism, of the large collections of facts which we owe to Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, Dr. Roth, Dr. Howitt, Mrs. Langloh Parker, and to the less widely known "Ethnological Notes" of Mr. R. W. Mathews (Sydney: F. W. White, 1905). Mr. Thomas has also studied many scientific periodicals, German, Australian, and American, and many books of the prescientific period, which occasionally yield us useful facts or clues. It may be said that "what he does not know is not knowledge," as far as printed records of the native ways are concerned. He is also able to point out the imperfections and inconsistencies which occur in our most recent and elaborate records; and, when occasion arises, he demonstrates that even the best qualified observers are not, when they stray into theory, necessarily impeccable logicians.

Mr. Thomas's first chapter contains a highly condensed account of savage social organisations—tribes, kinship groups, totem kins, and phratries (intermarrying exogamous divisions of the tribe), not in Australia only, but wherever they occur, in America, Africa, Melanesia, New Guinea, India and elsewhere. The references are copious and often novel. The second chapter deals with descent, whether in the paternal or maternal line, and (pp. 12, 13) is not precisely favourable to the new theory of "conceptional" totemism, as "primitive." However, he admits that "patrilineal descent may have been directly evolved without the intermediate form of reckoning through females." Anything *may* have occurred "in the dark backward and abysm of Time," but "whereas evidence of the passage from female to male reckoning may be observed, there is virtually none of a change in the opposite direction." "The problem is probably insoluble. . . . All that can be said is that in the kinship organisations known to us female descent seems to have prevailed in the vast majority of cases, and probably existed in the residual class of indeterminable examples."

But why did early mankind, almost if not quite universally, reckon descent of the kin-name, and inheritance of things hereditary, first in the female line? Why have many races shifted to reckoning in the male line? We can only offer hypotheses, and of these hypotheses we can only prefer such as are self-consistent to such as are self-contradictory. As to the second question, why was the transition made from reckoning in the female to reckoning in the male line, Mr. Thomas justly says that "the subject needs to be discussed in detail for each

particular area before general conclusions can be formulated." Thus many Australian tribes, on a very low level of material culture, have made the transition from female to male reckoning long ago; while Melanesian peoples, much more advanced in civilisation, are, even now, still struggling towards the transition. The truth is that we cannot, with our present knowledge, and on the strength of evidence sometimes self-contradictory (pp. 22, 23), answer the questions about descent.

We next turn to the organisations called totem kins, phratries, and matrimonial classes, in their various combinations, and Mr. Thomas illustrates, by maps and "tables," the territorial distribution of these associations, all over known Australia. This is a work of great labour, very efficiently performed. Mr. Thomas makes it clear that when the names of the phratries and matrimonial classes can be translated, they are names of animals, which indicates some relationship, probably, between the phratries and classes, on the one hand, and the system of totemism, on the other. But, among the class names, only a few are translated with certainty, and no stress is laid on probable but conjectural renderings. As to the phratry names, out of fifty-eight, nineteen can be certainly translated—they are animal names—and some six others can be guessed at with much probability. Mr. Thomas prefers the view that "the phratry names" (say Black and White Cockatoo, Crow and White Cockatoo, Crow and Eagle Hawk) "were selected in some way, and were not due to some accident of savage wit." As far as we know the phratry names usually indicate contrasts, either in the colour of the animals, or in their habitats. To two opposed sets of persons in the tribe, names indicative of opposition were given. The sets were contrasted but allied: all persons were, say, either White or Black Cockatoos; Black Cockatoos could marry only White Cockatoos, and *vice versa*. This archaic rule was either the result (1) of more or less unconscious evolution; or (2) of a conscious and purposeful reformation of a previous promiscuity. Mr. Thomas decides against the second theory, that of conscious reformation. His arguments (pp. 68–70) seem difficult to answer, for we are not told how anybody could dream that there was anything to reform; while the arrangement does not attain the supposed reformatory purpose; and the hypotheses of the partisans of a theory of conscious reform are vague and self-contradictory. Mr. Thomas is averse from the theory of primitive promiscuity, and tears into shreds the arguments in favour of the actual existence of "group marriage" among certain tribes. He dissects the late Mr. Morgan's elaborate hypothesis, which is hardly necessary, for "Morgan is utterly inconsistent," that is, has nothing that can be called a theory. Chapters xii. and xiii. contain criticisms of the "Group marriage" theory of Dr. Howitt and of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen. No doubt they will have replies to make; of what nature these may be we can know nothing till they are placed before us. Perhaps they will adduce new facts, or correct previous statements; for, as Mr. Thomas says, "it will be seen that our information is very fragmentary, and what we have is neither precise nor free from contradiction." This is not extraordinary, when we consider that the tribes are decadent and dwindling, that their dialects are obscurely known; that, for all we are told, they sometimes give evidence in "pidgeon" English; and that their customary laws are breaking down under the many strains of contact with colonial civilisation. We have to thank, not to blame, the energetic collectors of information; but we cannot, at present, say that their facts are a safe basis of a consistent theory.

Mr. Thomas's book is a severely critical and much-needed essay in restraint of the making of hasty theories. A similar work by him on Australian Magic and Religion would satisfy a want acutely felt by students.

ANDREW LANG.

LAFCADIO HEARN

Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. By ELIZABETH BISLAND. (Constable, 24s. net.)

IN the late 'forties England still held the Ionian Islands. The Surgeon-Major in the 76th Foot, when the regiment was ordered to Greece, was a certain Charles Bush Hearn. He was a handsome young Irishman with Dorsetshire blood in his veins (for the family went to Ireland only in 1693) and gipsy blood, too, legend says, Hearn being a good Romany name. Between the garrison and the islanders of Cerigo fierce animosity prevailed: but no danger could prevent the Surgeon-Major from falling passionately in love with a beautiful Greek girl, Rosa Cerigota, and from winning her love. Her brothers stabbed him and left him on the road-side for dead. The girl found him, and, hiding him in a barn, nursed him back to life. Then the lovers ran away to Santa Maura and were married. Their first child died at birth: their second child, born in 1850, was called after the island Lefcada and his name was Lafcadio—Lafcadio Hearn. On his palm was a strange thumb-print, and that thumb-print is well known to be the certain mark of Romany descent.

In the Ionian Islands Lafcadio Hearn was born. "I have memory of a place and a magical time, in which the sun and the moon were larger and brighter than now. . . . I know the sky was very much more blue and nearer to the world." And it is memorable that George Gissing won his way at last against desperate odds, fighting poverty, ill-health and starvation, to the same Greek islands from which Hearn started his life and from which he took the memory of One who ruled those islands and who told him of a charm "that I must never never lose because it would keep me young and give me power to return." It remained with him even in straits as desperate as any that had gripped George Gissing, that charm which keeps man aloof from bitterness; for the One who ruled those islands was Beauty. The hope of Beauty kept Gissing alive until Beauty welcomed him at last to this domain of hers; and she set her influence upon the child Lafcadio and sent him through the world—her impassioned troubadour. Beauty is not limited in her presence; but it is a pleasant phantasy, this breathing-space of the two men, proper artists, contemporary almost and strangely dissimilar, the one starting life and the other meeting death, by the Ionian sea where the sky is "very much more blue and nearer to the world."

Six years Lafcadio Hearn lived there: then the family left Cerigo and returned to Dublin, where trouble came upon him. His father and mother quarrelled and Rosa ran away with a cousin back to the blue islands and the boy was given into the charge of a strict aunt, Mrs. Brenane, who frightened him with tales of God and turned his love of beauty into a reproach. The child fought against her narrow evil teaching and was counted wicked. "For the best of possible reasons I then believed in ghosts and goblins, because I saw them both by day and by night. Before going to sleep I would always cover up my head to prevent them from looking at me; and I used to scream when I felt them pulling at the bedclothes." And when Mrs. Brenane tried to make clear to him the meaning of the invocation, *In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*, it is small wonder that only the last Being was of any interest to him, and that the only impression left upon his mind was that the "Holy Ghost was a white ghost and not in the habit of making faces at small people after dusk." But his cousin Jane, whose spirit he saw one day when she was alive and far away from the house, was the chief origin of his terror; and to her strenuous efforts to impress him with a proper sense of sin and fear of the tortures of hell, he owed the feeling of horror, impending like a doom, that filled his heart with distrust. "Woe, woe, thou didst destroy it, the beautiful world!" But just at the time when his sympathy with the enemies of

cousin Jane's God was strengthening, he came upon great folio books on Greek mythology with many illustrations of nymphs and fairies and gods and heroes; and he came into his own. By a kind of childish instinct he realised that these gods had been belied because they were beautiful. "Blindly and gropingly I had touched a truth—the ugly truth that beauty of the highest order whether mental or moral or physical must ever be hated by the many and loved only by the few!" All honour to Mrs. Brenane and to cousin Jane. They did their thankless negative work thoroughly: they even laid hands on those folios and cut out with a penknife the breasts of the nymphs and inked in clothes on the splendid naked limbs of the goddesses. Thereby they helped Lafcadio to know their real beauty more than many lectures could have done and filled him with a lasting rage against all enemies of beauty. Mrs. Brenane too gave him food and comfortable shelter; cousin Jane left him a library of books collected before she became devout. Of that kind of narrow superstition he wrote afterwards—"its horizon is solid stone, its sky a material vault."

This child of a passionate love, with the Romany thumb-print upon his palm, who seemed born with a memory of other lives, and who, with that vision which the blinding of one eye with a knotted rope could not affect, always saw a little further than other children of men, became the apostle of the Old, the Queer, the Exotic, the Monstrous. But he never lapsed into pettiness, because he remained in touch with the whole greatness of things by reason of his great understanding of Beauty. Beauty was his religion and through the power of Beauty he attained to that ultimate harmony between himself and life which the eccentric is apt to miss.

Upon the surroundings of his childhood and early youth Miss Elizabeth Bisland dwells. As much as possible she endeavours to tell the story from fragments of autobiography and from chance words which Mrs. Hearn remembers and relates with Japanese charm in exquisitely dainty English. The facts of his later life Miss Bisland tells with exactly the brevity and precision with which such facts should be told. Indeed, it is a pleasure to feel that too much praise cannot be given for the ability and reverence with which she has done her work. Facts become insignificant compared with the interest and importance of the comment upon them which the letters afford. In 1869 Hearn was starving in New York, where his only friend was an Irish carpenter. Then he went to Cincinnati and eventually became a hack-journalist who rose on the paper through the lurid cleverness of his treatment of a murder. The year 1877 finds him in New Orleans, still a journalist, but translating Gautier in his spare time, when his eyesight allowed him, and working at his first book, "Chinese Ghosts." The books were sold, and he had the opportunity of visiting the Tropics, which laid their spell over him for ever. Gradually he overcame the giant Circumstance in spite of ill-health, and in 1890 he arrived in Japan, and by teaching in schools, lecturing in colleges, and writing, he was at length enabled to live in happiness. He married Setsu Roizumi, a Japanese lady, and became a Japanese subject. In the last fourteen years of his life he found his life's work. At the age of forty, when most men have done learning, and the crust of habit has formed upon their minds and manners, Lafcadio Hearn began to learn a new language and was able to understand a new people, to enter into their mode of thought and mode of living, and to do so without losing his own personality.

The letters show the gradual growth in him of that power in his character which made this possible. He remained sensitive, and his life vindicates the truth of the great saying that Nature is on the side of the most sensitive. Men are apt in daily life to stigmatise such a character glibly as shrinking, weak, timid, and to pass on without recognising the strength and vitality and courage which are needed to keep such a personality from the easy lapse into indifference. Lafcadio Hearn was able to

remain sensitive through that power of his, noticeable in his earliest childhood, of seeing a little beyond the material fact and of trusting in his vision. He welcomed the hardest facts of science as a kind of challenge: and he looked at them until they were illumined by the light from beyond and he could see them truly. "Isolated facts," he wrote, "are worthy of consideration only in their relation to universal, and, perhaps, eternal laws." All his work is informed by this sensitive disposition; his delicate handling of words, his subtle perception, his strange fascination, his choice of theme: these are signs of it. But in his letters its unveiled beauty is apparent. Therein lies their extreme charm. Whether he is writing to his friend Krehbiel to prevent his depression on feeling himself too small a man for the Art of Music—

The Vatican with its sixty thousand rooms is but a child's toy house compared with but one of the countless wings of Art's infinite temples; and the outer world, viewing only the entrance, narrow and low as that of a pyramid, can no more comprehend the illimitable that lies beyond it than they can measure the depths of the Eternities beyond the fixed stars. . . . It seems to me that want of confidence in one's self is not less a curse than it appears to be a consequence of knowledge;

—or whether he is writing to an old pupil, a Japanese with all the instinct of the Samurai, who has quarrelled with his wife and is showing him her point of view, as he does show it with infinite delicacy and quiet firmness, always and in all his relations with men and women, the very inspiration of tenderness and of understanding seems to be expressed, and to colour his humour, his style, his view of life, everything indeed that he touched with the sacred colour of Beauty. One never forgets that he was born in a place where the sky was very much more blue and nearer to the world than are the places in which most men are born.

PLAIN AND COLOURED

- Firelight Fancies.* By WALLACE BERTRAM NICHOLS. (The Tallis Press, 2s. 6d.)
The Truce of God, and other Poems. By WILLIAM STEVENS. (Dent, 2s. 6d. net.)
The Lady Beautiful. By F. E. WALROND. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)
The Re-union of Adam and Eve. By DAVID DAVENPORT. (Hammond, 1s. net.)
Songs to Desideria and other Poems. By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. (Lane, 2s. net.)
Lyrics of Life and Beauty. By MARCUS S. C. RICKARDS. (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d. net.)
Paper Pellets. By JESSIE POPE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)
A Sheaf of Songs. By MRS. CALVERT SPENSLEY. (Gay & Bird, 1s. net.)
Meditata. By WALTER HOGG. (Wellwood, 1s. 6d. net.)
A Book of Masks. By WILBUR UNDERWOOD. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)

For indeed 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure,
 And blest is the man who such happiness finds
 To enjoy but a span in the hours of leisure
 Of elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

THE undoubted fact that Keats is the author of the above lines, and that, when he wrote them, he was several years older than Master Wallace Bertram Nichols was when he wrote the verses contained in "Firelight Fancies" (we are informed, in a publisher's note, that they are the work of a schoolboy, and written between the ages of thirteen and sixteen) will not deter us from saying that Master Nichols would be much better employed in reading poetry than in attempting to write it, or at any rate to publish it. We do not war on babes and sucklings and it would be unkind to overweight this statement of opinion with quotations from the volume. A boy may write very poor poetry at the age of fifteen and may yet live to become a great poet. On the other hand he may not. In either case he is pretty sure, sooner or later, to regret the publication of immature work.

In the case of Mr. William Stevens, the author of "The Truce of God," we are confronted by a very much worse state of affairs. Mr. Stevens has rashly ornamented his volume with his own portrait, thereby providing the reviewer with evidence that he has reached an age when he can no longer have any valid excuse for imagining that he can write poetry. It is true that in the preface to his book we are informed that, in acknowledging a copy of these poems, Mr. Gladstone wrote that he "much admired their sentiment and feeling, which cannot but influence favourably the minds of all who may become acquainted with them." But our belief in the infallibility of Mr. Gladstone as a judge of literature did not survive the publication of his own poetical works. Mr. Stevens goes on in his preface to say that the residue of the first edition, thus blessed by Mr. Gladstone, was consumed in an outbreak of fire, and that the present re-issue of the book is due to "the suggestion of a friend." Mr. Stevens is evidently a hardened offender, and we feel that it is our duty to quote. Here are the five opening lines of "An Idyll of the City," a poem in blank (very blank) verse:

Success had crowned our venture once again.
My fortunes founded, and provision made
To keep my heirs in wealth, I now had reached
The goal of my desires, so long pursued.
A life of labour sought its end in rest.

Mr. Francis Ernley Walrond is an ecstatic poet, but his ecstasy unfortunately takes the form of exclamation marks and vain repetition. Here is a stanza from "The Skylark's Song":

Spring! Spring! Spring!
O the brave Spring!
Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring! Spring!
Spring!!
There is no Spring like our Spring.
There is no world like our world.

There are four more lines to the stanza, but perhaps our readers have had enough. Mr. Francis Ernley Walrond reminds us of Mr. Micawber when he likened himself to the leopard, which before making a leap crouches down to the very lowest possible point. Mr. Walrond gets very low down indeed, but he does not spring: he sinks.

Mr. David Davenport writes of "the re-union of Adam and Eve," who, as he informs us, according to an ancient legend rejoined each other after a separation of a hundred years. As Adam explains:

So year on year we lived
In constant wrangling, till at last she rose
With bitter tauntings and a fierce farewell.

However, like the Jumlies in Edward Lear's delightful rhyme, in a hundred years she came back, and though she was, not unnaturally, rather nervous as to the sort of reception she might get after such a comparatively long absence—

Misgivings vex me lest relentless Time
Have marred my beauty—

Adam, who perhaps had missed her less than she thought, received her very kindly, and showed a pleasing readiness to let bygones be bygones. We should wish to extend the same charity to Mr. Davenport, but we confess that it requires an effort.

In "Songs to Desideria," by Mr. Stephen Coleridge, we find tuneful and easy verse, informed now and then with feeling and emotion which we feel to be real. The volume is slight but pleasing.

The same cannot be said of Mr. Marcus Rickards's ambitiously named "Lyrics of Life and Beauty." While the verses it contains are free from faults of taste, and are not ill-written, they are dull and heavy, and there seems to be no reason why they should have been published. They have not even the saving grace of that unconscious humour that has cheered the weary reviewer through the arid wastes of the greater portion of the books reviewed in this article: But we are unfair to

Mr. Rickards: we are blaming him because his verses are not bad enough to be funny.

We find that "Paper Pellets," a volume of humorous verse by Miss Jessie Pope, has strayed into the serious company of this batch of "poets." The greater part of Miss Pope's volume consists of pieces reprinted from *Punch*. The best we can say about them is that they are occasionally mildly amusing. But what can be said of this sort of sentiment, except that it is mawkish and silly? It is about a little boy and his governess:

The baby eyes were blue and sweet
He lifted to her face.
First he attended to his feet
And put his hands in place,
Then said with stiff and rigid spine,
"Please will you be my Valentine?"

Small Jimmie conquered in a fray
Where stalwart men would flee.
The governess pushed her book away
And took him on her knee.
The end of the affair was this—
A wistful sigh, a tender kiss.

Reader, have you a lump in your throat? We have one in ours. We are rough men, but we have our feelings.

In "A Sheaf of Songs" by Mrs. Calvert Spensley we have some charmingly felt and well written poetry. We wish we had space to quote "In Early Spring" (it cannot be quoted except in its entirety without spoiling its delicate beauty). This small volume also contains some good sonnets.

Mr. Walter Hogg, in "Meditata," gives us a volume entirely composed of sonnets. They are written with considerable skill and distinction in spite of an occasionally irritating arrangement of rhymes in his sextets.

"A Book of Masks," by Wilbur Underwood reveals a sensitive soul and a skilful hand. The author derives from Ernest Dowson and further back from Mr. Swinburne. When we say that he derives from Ernest Dowson we would not wish it to be thought that he is an imitator or even necessarily a disciple of that poet; we see merely a kinship of thought and manner. We are not at all sure that Dowson ever wrote anything better than the best that appears in this dainty volume. We would particularly commend "Bal Céleste," an exquisite and plaintive little lyric. Here is the last verse:

It is a dream with love aglow
Seen only by the childlike wise;
A child-heart dreamed it long ago—
A fête-champêtre in Paradise.

And here are two stanzas from "The Children of Night":

Let us go hence, with all the nights that were,
The vast expectant waters thrill and stir
In passionate joy of morning strong and free.
The morning that is not for you and me.

Let us go hence, our joy is overcast,
The pallid peace of night is o'er at last;
Far in the depths with shadows we must flee,
Dawn's breath is on the sea.

"The Masquerade" is perhaps more original and therefore more characteristic of this delicate poet whose future work we shall await with interest.

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

A CULTURED DILETTANTE

The Life of Sir Charles J. F. Bunbury. Edited by his sister-in-law, Mrs. HENRY LYELL. 2 vols. (Murray, 30s. net.)

It is easy to understand the admiration and affection with which Sir Charles Bunbury inspired his family circle. We cannot, indeed, read the letters and diaries contained in these two substantial volumes without being to some extent affected by similar feelings; but we doubt very

much whether Sir Charles Bunbury's achievements were of a character greatly to interest the public. At the most he was a learned amateur in science who yet made no conspicuous contributions to science. The greater part of the seven hundred pages of this biography consists of discussions on subjects connected with geology, botany, and biology, or of accounts of meetings at the Geographical or Geological Society. Sir Charles was no doubt quite competent to criticise the newer theories which were being put forward by Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell and Huxley and others; but his own original work was inconsiderable, though his life as a country gentleman of ample means and leisure afforded him opportunities which his more eminent contemporaries were not fortunate enough to possess.

The main interest of the memoirs is to be found in his references to these contemporaries. He was the son of Sir Henry Edward Bunbury, a distinguished Peninsular soldier who married a niece of Charles James Fox, so that Sir Charles was naturally often at Holland House; his memoirs contain much of the kind of information and anecdote with which we are familiar about the Holland House coterie. When the war was over he travelled in Sicily, where his father had served, in France and Italy, then to the Mauritius and to Buenos Ayres.

His correspondence and his diaries appear to have been preserved carefully, and they are reproduced here with a fulness of detail which of itself shows that their author was one of those fortunate people *nati consumere fruges terræ* and little else. He married a daughter of a president of the Geological Society, and he and Sir Charles Lyell, who had married another daughter, became brothers-in-law. His domestic circle and his scientific circle were thus largely the same, and his voluminous correspondence is a *mélange* of science and domesticity. Natural selection and the question of species were the topics of the day; most of his friends were mixed up with them in some branch of science or another, and he had the merit of being amongst the first who understood, and appreciated and accepted the new theories. Many of these letters and learned *résumés* of books and essays and discussions are records of opinion in the making on these theories. They have now lost their freshness, and, in any case, are only readable by those acquainted with the technicalities of at least three or four sciences.

Sir Charles was a man of some literary cultivation, and as in science so in literature, if he was mediocre himself he delighted to meet the literary and other celebrities of his time, and about these his letters and diaries contain much interesting gossip. Though he never held any political or administrative office he followed political events both at home and abroad with the intelligent curiosity of a man who had lived amongst those who controlled the political machine; but he was never of importance in politics, and the many references to politics contain nothing calling for special observation. He was an amiable, high-principled man who, we can well believe, was highly valued for character and knowledge somewhat above the average even of men of his class. At first the Memoirs were intended only for private circulation. This was a true instinct as to their real province. Their appeal is not to a public personally unacquainted with Sir Charles Bunbury.

LEIGHTON

The Life, Letters and Work of Frederick Leighton. By Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. 2 vols. (Allen, 42s. net.)

If Mrs. Russell Barrington's discretion and discernment were equal to her industry and enthusiasm, her two ponderous volumes, which constitute the long-expected official account of Lord Leighton's career and achievements, would be far more satisfactory both as biography and criticism. Unfortunately her work is marred, from either standpoint, by a total lack of discrimination, and the

biographical portions of the book are as wanting in coherence, continuity and compression as her critical judgments are in balance and proportion. Overwhelmed alike by the mass of material at her disposal and her intense admiration for a fascinating personality, Mrs. Barrington has proved unequal to the task of sifting the wheat from the chaff, and though the result of her labours will prove a rich mine for future biographers to delve in, she fails to give her readers either a clear image of the man or a consecutive account of his career. Leighton's letters to his parents during his student days in Rome and his life-long correspondence with his friend and master, the Frankfort painter, Steinle, provide the book with its most enjoyable and informative passages, but there was no need for the author to emphasise their importance by repeated quotations and re-quotations from letters already given in full. The same failing results in our reading the same incident first in Leighton's own words, then in those of a friend, and again in Mrs. Barrington's own commentary.

The son of a man of means, Frederick Leighton was not exposed in his youth to the tribulations which often beset aspiring artists, and his early days were calm and uneventful. Familiar from early childhood with the Continent, Leighton began his serious art studies at Frankfort, where he unfortunately fell under the full influence of the arid attempts to revive classical painting in Germany. But Overbeck and Cornelius were at that time great names in the art world, and though Leighton soon discovered for himself the artificiality and lack of vitality in their paintings, affection blinded him to the similar defects in the work of his own master, Steinle, who for all his delicacy and correctness of draughtsmanship and learnedness in design, was little more than a disciple of Overbeck. From Frankfort Leighton was sent to Rome with introductions to Cornelius, Overbeck and other German painters, but he wisely sought their society less than that of Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), who mothered the young exile and introduced him to her brilliant circle. Thus Leighton became intimate with Browning and many other celebrities and laid the foundations of his future social successes. His days at Rome were, in his own words, the happiest of his life, and his story of them, told in letters to his parents and his old master Steinle, is certainly the best portion of Mrs. Barrington's book. From Rome he sent to the Royal Academy his painting of *Cimabue's Madonna*, the purchase of which by the Queen contributed quite as much to the immediate fame of the artist as its intrinsic artistic qualities.

Henceforward it becomes more and more difficult to search out the main stream of Leighton's career from a maze of unrelated incidents and unconnected letters. Returning to London, the young painter entered upon a variety of activities which have sadly confused his biographer. We are spasmodically informed of his prowess as a volunteer, his patronage of music, his acquaintance with the great, his many kindly acts towards struggling fellow artists, and we travel backwards and forwards, down to the footnotes and up to the text, till we are reduced to a bewildered unconsciousness of time and place. We are baldly told of his election as Associate, Academician and finally President, but of the events leading up to these distinctions we are given no clear conception, and the claims of Millais to the presidency are ignored. We hear of a stay in Paris, where Leighton appears to have preferred the art of Robert Fleury, Ary Scheffer and Delaroche to that of Couture and Delacroix, and consequently we are not surprised that he derived little benefit from his studies there. We are given an unabridged diary of a tour in Egypt which becomes wearisome in its dull recital of spiritless facts, we are invited to dwell with delight on the specifications for the Arab Hall at Leighton House, and we are treated to innumerable notes from celebrities congratulating Leighton on various distinctions in very ordinary terms.

An undue respect for persons appears to have blinded the authoress to the fact that letters are more important for their contents than their signature.

Unsatisfactory as biography, these volumes are entirely valueless as criticism. Instead of disentangling the real merits of Leighton's work from less admirable characteristics, Mrs. Barrington vaguely couples him with Phidias and the Old Masters, and urges claims so absurd as to tax severely the patience and perseverance of all educated readers. Leighton was almost a great draughtsman, and his drawing is distinguished for its delicacy and elegance rather than its strength and simplicity. He is far nearer akin to Praxiteles than Phidias, though his art, being derivative, has not the vitality of the Greek's. A false ideal of finish, misdirected conscientiousness, and a failure to know where to stop, caused Leighton to over-elaborate his works and gradually rob them of that spontaneity which many of them at one stage possessed. Although he asserted his reverence for the Venetian painters, he appears to have learnt from them neither the value of breadth nor the sense of quality in paint, and he certainly never succeeded in rivalling their achievements as did his great contemporary Watts. He came far nearer to emulating the naivety of early Florentine drawing and colour in a sophisticated manner, and his designs and groupings of large masses of figures, though often rhythmical and always possessing great scholastic merit, had never that unexpected balance which distinguishes the work of the greatest creative designers.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

With Byron in Italy. An Illustrated Selection of his Poems and Letters. By ANNA B. McMAHAN. (Unwin, 5s. net.)

THIS is the first of a series of books "showing on the one hand"—to quote from the publisher's note—"the influence of Italy on great English writers, and on the other, the light which their works throw on Italian life, Italian history and Italian art." This volume on Byron is illustrated by "a series of photographs of scenes made famous by him." Among the scenes which have had fame conferred on them by Byron are, curiously enough, the Coliseum, Lake Albano, the Rialto bridge, the Venus de' Medici, the tomb of Dante and many other places and monuments which we remember hearing about before we read much Byron. In the Introduction Mrs. McMahan seems to make a further claim for the usefulness of the book. Speaking of the failure of Byron's contemporaries to understand him, she says: "Not even now . . . can it be said that we have any adequate analysis of this most complex and puzzling character among the English poets. Until a psychologist equal to the occasion shall come, the best means of arriving at an individual opinion may be to read side by side the poems and the letters [written] during the most mature and most productive period of Byron's life—the years of his Italian residence." No light undertaking, this, to compile and edit a book which shall be illuminating on the subject of Italy in Byron's time, reveal that country's influence on his work, and offer the best material for the formation of an individual opinion of his character! In one sense the compiler is certainly a follower of Byron—in the carelessness of her style. Without counting a few footnotes to the selections, the volume contains in all eighteen pages of her own writing. In this short space we notice—besides the sentence we have quoted above, with some such word as we have supplied necessary to complete the sense—that the first sentence of the biographical part is ungrammatical. It runs: "Arriving in Venice late in the year 1816, this city became at once to Byron 'the fairy city of his heart.'" At the beginning of a paragraph on p. 146 there is a use of the personal pronoun typical of

the style of a fourth-form boy in his English Essay: "During these years Italy was in a state of tremendous political ferment. His letters are full of tales of duels . . ." etc. For the rest, the contents of the book are just what the compiler's style would lead us to expect. The information which she imparts could be read just as easily in almost any literary history. The selections from the letters and poems are aggravatingly cut about by lacunæ and curtailments. By means of these jumbled fragments of prose and verse the patient reader is forcibly reminded of Byron's hatred of England and the English, and less forcibly of his undoubtedly sincere love of Italy. A good deal of space is given to letters arranging for the publication of his poems; scraps of drama plucked from their context are also to be found, and long though plentifully starred passages in Byron's best guide-book manner. These last excerpts, of course, furnish excellent material for illustration. The page bearing the words, "The goddess loves in stone" faces a photograph of the Venus. The lines about the Wolf at Rome, "Dost thou yet Guard thine immortal cubs . . . ?" is not far from an illustration which we have only to glance at to be immediately assured that she does still guard them. But we look in vain for one picture which would have been most appropriately included in this book.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!

Facing this line, there surely should have been a portrait of the ocean, rolling.

Don Juan. Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. (Murray, 6s.)

A REVISED and enlarged edition of Byron's great poem comes as something of a surprise to a public which has forgotten the idolatry of the day before yesterday. The numerous notes and quotations are retranscribed from the early editions, the text being founded on the original manuscripts in the possession of Lady Dorchester and Mr. John Murray, and the introduction tells all there is to know of the publication and sources of the poem. The remarks of Mr. Coleridge on the poem itself are both just and sympathetic. He seems to think that the vindication of the natural man in it contained in fact Byron's "criticism of Life" and society. Every admirer of the poem must regret the blemishes of taste and modesty which are only too evident to the superficial reader, but all do not recognise, as Mr. Coleridge well says, that these are merely included in the survey of a vast and various whole and on reflection "dwindle into natural and so comparative insignificance." Byron himself was furious at the charge of immorality applied to the poem in his day, when the mention of "Don Juan" made respectable people shudder. He wanted to show "by the white light of truth, the great things of the world: Love and war, and Death by sea and land, and man half-angel half-demon—the comedy of his fortunes, the tragedy of his passions and fate." If we leave out the palpably gross and offensive references the poem forms a magnificent and sparkling picture of life. All the energy, the beauty and aspiration of humanity find a voice in it in the accents of real poetry. Sir Walter Scott maintained that it "embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string of the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful . . . tones." The more sensible judgment of a later day has followed in the wake of Scott's sane approval and this fine volume will have many readers.

The Greedy Book: A Gastronomical Anthology. By FRANK SCHLOESSER. (Gay & Bird, 5s. net.)

At the dinner-table of a certain Oxford gourmet, the present writer once found himself next to a stranger who looked critically down the menu, then turned and asked: "Are you greedy?" On receiving a half-apologetic but decided

plea of guilty, he replied: "Good! Then we won't talk till after the game." It must not be supposed that he said nothing till then; he knew that—to quote one of Mr. Schloesser's slovenly but wise sentences—"a dinner partaking of Wordsworth's Peter Bell's party in a parlour, 'all silent and all damned,' is contrary to the best gastro-nomic traditions." But a casual word or two was enough while the art of eating claimed attention; it was later, when the art of talking had its turn, that he showed himself as brilliant a talker as he was reverent and discriminating an eater. To such a man Mr. Schloesser's slipshod, scrappy, odd, amusing book, would offer many points of interest. Both take the act of eating seriously—not gloomily, but gravely, as a thing worth study and care; and both—to judge from the stranger's conversation and Mr. Schloesser's book—have a fund of anecdote and quotation which makes them capital company. In the volume before us Mr. Schloesser remains an impressionist critic of the art; he describes his sensations rather than details the rules and the recipes; but that does not prevent him from displaying a large amount of sound thought and wisdom, the result, clearly, of carefully acquired experience. Like the sluggard whom Dr. Watts blamed, in our opinion with unnecessary acerbity, he "talks of eating and drinking"; letting his fancy roam where it will, and no more troubling about consecutive ideas or ordered discourse than the good talker at a dinner-table, who knows that an apt story or a lively description is better than logic at meal-time. It is a pity that his English is so colloquial and his proofs so ill-read. To take a single instance, Mrs. Glasse (whose other name was Harris), appears at the top of eight pages as Mrs. Grasse.

A History of Dancing. By REGINALD ST. JOHNSTON. (Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a pleasant and not too technical work on an interesting and graceful subject. Recalling the far-off past, when dancing was considered an accomplishment to be acquired by every true knight, the author deplores the indications he finds of decadence in dancing, and he has endeavoured to show the origin of our dances and to trace their gradual development. His method of treatment will be best gathered from the titles of his chapters. Thus, starting with the birth of dancing, pictured in the Greek mythology—the personification of all that is graceful and pleasing in beautiful motion—he takes us on to dancing as a religious ceremony: not only the dances of Osiris, Bacchus, and Dionysia, but also those connected with the rites and ceremonies of the uncivilised nations. From the semi-sacred dances of a pantomimic nature to the drama and the connection of the dance with the theatre is but a short step to dancing as a popular amusement. Our author describes some early forms of English dancing, particularly that of the Maypole and the Maurice, the former for many centuries the chief dance of rustic England, and probably of Druidical origin. The Maurice, on the other hand, was introduced by the gypsies, and it was not until the characters had been adapted to the country, in the shape of Robin Hood and the Sherwood foresters, that it took a firm hold upon the people. Allegorical dances among the primitive nations, quaint dances in civilised countries, and dancing as a social pastime are all skilfully and adequately dealt with, but the greater part of the last chapters is devoted to stage dancing and dancers on the stage. The book would have been improved if in these final chapters there had been less repetition of the names of certain well-known players and more discrimination in the praise of certain well-known dancers, so many pages being devoted to one person and her history that for the moment we fancied we had drifted into the advertisement columns of a theatrical paper. The illustrations might have been better chosen if the intention was to show how beautiful and picturesque a thing a dance well done may be.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN—IV

THERE are children who have an unconscious poetry of diction. These do not fall into the habit of such sayings as "I didn't used to" and "I don't know but what I won't," and similar utterances learnt from the illiterate. It seems they prefer to say things prettily:

"I see all the stars of the sky, with my heart"; or:

"Do you ever cry, Moth', when you say sad songs to yourself in bed?"; or this darker saying:

"And when the lights were put out I saw in the corner something like Jezebel, doing idols"; or:

"Your room was all dark and nothing at all! Just a lucky moon behind a little branch and one peculiar star."

Sometimes a child holds in his mind a substitute for some ordinary word, that he evidently thinks is equally customary:

"And did Goliath go to battle with tower on?"

"With tower?"

"Yes—with tin clothes."

He modernises the Scriptures: "God didn't like David sending Maria where they would kill him."

"What did we read of yesterday?"

"David, and his great friend Johnson."

Nevertheless his own language is sometimes scriptural: "And dreaming I saw a King's Throne, and his servant beside it."

The children once helped their Mother to paint her garden chairs green. Overalls on and a brush apiece, they were happy, working in silence. Then Blynken: "This is wretched work for your intelligence, Mummie."

"This is an awkward house, I think. I said so to Mademoiselle and she asked me what I meant."

"And what did you say?"

"Me? O, I said, there seems to be lots of room till you find that there isn't."

"I do like Marryat's books so much, they are such nice stories in the way they go on, all about so many different things. Not always about love, like Shakespeare."

"You know, now that the boys at school know that I have got a watch, they treat me as nothing but a tool for time."

"O, this pain, this pain! and I shouldn't be having this pain now if that dashed old Eve hadn't eaten the apple." Then swiftly turning, "Well, she did take it first, didn't she?" [Adam, Adam!]

Patterfoot, naturally, asks questions of a different calibre:

"Could I swim if I had whale's things on?"

"What does a sheep mean when it's lame?"

"I dreamt last night that Nod threw a whole boxful of toys at my forehead. A whole boxful. But I had an engine to fling back at him."

"That's not like Nod," said his Mother, "not a bit like what dear Nod would do."

"But this Nod wasn't ours in my dream, he was an Indian Nod, a forest Nod. We was both forest boys."

How sorry one may be when some familiar mispronunciation is one day self-corrected, and the speech gets perfected as the months go on.

As long as the stairs however are taken properly, that is to say two steps to one stair-step, in true nursery fashion, a Mother should not repine. It is Southey I think who has said: "No household is complete without a kitten rising four months, and a child rising four years."

Probably every one knows what it is to transpose the initial letters in some phrase. To say roaring with pain, for instance, instead of pouring with rain. But as a rule it is swiftly corrected. Nod however, on having his first little breeks on was alive to nothing else. All the way downstairs did his Mother hear him coming, foot by foot, solidly. And as each step was taken, she heard: "Brown one ons . . . brown one ons."

One night (and his Mother is ashamed of it), after hearing Patterfoot's prayers and all the wealth of love they evidence, his Mother wasn't satisfied.

"What would you do if one day Daddy told you Mummie had died?"

"I would kill myself beside you."

"But how would you do it?"

"I would lean on a tin thing."

To the story of Bathsheba and David, told discreetly, he listened earnestly. "And this was a great sin on David's part," continues the little book, "for Bathsheba was another man's wife. A man was allowed more than one wife then, now a man may only have one wife."

This was listened to with pondering eye. "And who is our wife here I should like to know?"

At last the children, all three snugly pillowed, have said good-night.

To the great relief of those in attendance they are hushed to silence.

A warm red light falls upon dimity curtains, and the shadow of the fender is patterned large upon the wall.

And a voice from the shadow:

"Bears hug badly. Polars."

PAMELA TENNANT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

HIC JACET

A FORTNIGHT ago attention was directed in these pages to the poem with which Mr. Thomas Hardy opened the New Year. It was a bitter greeting. Man was represented Job-like asking his Maker bitterly: Why, when it was so easy not to call into being "an ill-used race of men," did you commit the cruel enormity of creation? The answer was stern and contemptuous. It was, in effect, that he who was responsible for the world sat weaving successive New Years automatically, neither caring for suffering nor knowing of it. Man is a creature of many moods, and on this occasion Mr. Hardy was accurately expressing one of them. Because of the very fulness of life in our day men are often disposed to turn round and greet the last enemy as a friend. "Eloquent, just and mightie death" has received more hymns of praise in modern poetry than he did in the morning light of the world when it was considered better to be the thrall of a landless man than to reign over all the nations of the dead. Even R. L. Stevenson, who entered with gusto into the pleasures of life, saw in the end only a vision of peace and comfort such as awaits the hunter home from the hill and the sailor home from the sea. It was a creed of the set to which he belonged. One recognises the same attitude in his friend Henley's fine lines:

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

The passage is not personal in the sense in which Macbeth was personal when he said:

I have liv'd long enough, my way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.

or

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun
And wish the state o' the world were now undone.

They are voices of this age, an age in which it has come to be a doctrine more and more accepted that "I came like Water and like Wind I go." Even Christina Rossetti got no further with her fine faith than:

Haply I may remember
And haply may forget.

And in Tennyson's lines we seem to hear an echo of the sentiment that prefers quiet incineration to the obsequies and funeral rites of an older time:

Pass on weak heart and leave me where I lie
Go by, go by.

In these matters Walt Whitman was second to none as an interpreter of his age and as an inspiration to the school of Henley and Stevenson. His last word is to be found not so much in the "Come, lovely and soothing death . . . serenely arriving, arriving," as in the perfectly executed invocation:

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the
well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold, O love.)

There, hope for the future, if it exists, is of the vaguest. At bottom and behind is the sad consciousness that the ephemeral race of men is as a cloud of insects blown across dry land out of the sea into the sea. The note struck with such fine simplicity by Lady Nairne is a lost chord:

We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

Or, as it is put with more force of language though not with as much delicacy of thought by Campion:

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled
breast,
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapours dim our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

Now it seems to me that the importance of these passages is that of an echo, but it is the echo which a fine woman's conversation renders of thoughts originated by the man she loves. There is a masculine and a feminine in the spirit of the age. Out of the former have come our Darwinian theories and nebular hypotheses, our march forward in scientific knowledge, our mechanical and practical achievements. These are the doings of the bread-winner. While he is out labouring, the feminine counterpart sits at home and sings of his deeds and thoughts or represents them in painting or sculpture. What the man of action inarticulately believes, that the man of taste and intellect weaves into the annals of the literature and art of the time. Thus the voices of the poets are authentic interpretations. Knowledge, spreading and advancing, is ever turning the flank of belief. But, as has been said, the minds of men vary, and every generalisation must omit somebody. The problem of death has always rivalled that of life as a subject for meditation, since the most flippant cannot fail to be reminded at times that

though the daye be never so long
At last it ringeth to evensong.

Or in the more elaborate verse of Drummond of Hawthornden:

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of those the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die,

As to what comes after, we still remain in doubt after all the speculation and teaching of three thousand years. Science with cold passivity refuses to pronounce on what may be, but asserts that there is at present no sufficient evidence of personal immortality. Here and there a poet or philosopher strikes out some theory which rests only on what he will term intuition. Such is Browning's:

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

A noble and invigorating creed, but it rests on no foundation. It is a guess, and the odds against it being right are at least ten million to one. Nor, for my part, do I find anything more solid to build upon in the ingenuities of psychical research people, spiritualists, thought-readers, and the other successors to Anthony Mesmer. After the *Hic Jacet* of the tombstone there is little to add beyond what was said by Clough:

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

We cannot imagine a time or circumstance when the mind of man will not be fascinated by the problem of death. Were the prognostications of Elie Metchnikoff to be realised so that at the appointed time it arrived and was accepted as naturally as sleep by a race purged of disease by centuries of stern and forced attention to hygienic laws, still the young and vigorous would continue to regard it as a dreadful mystery. And science has not yet given to the great question an answer that leaves no room for doubt. The imagination of the modern man will not follow pagan examples and build stately Valhallas or flower-strewn Elysian fields. His logical mind may reject such theoretic solutions as, for example, the Transmigration of Souls, but it sees that there are many doors for which knowledge has not yet found a key. The riddle of life is still unanswered, but every new generation approaches it with purified thought and enlarged conception. It is incredible that any real loss can be sustained by the shearing away of excrescence and misleading hypotheses.

P.

FICTION

The Whirlwind. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MR. PHILLPOTTS is at his best in this his latest novel, which made its first appearance in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. His standard is a high one. His method is conceived on a large scale. It is no other than to bring all the aspects of nature—the changing sky, with its range of colours, the wind that blows across his Devon moors, the trees, the flowers, the animals, all the denizens of Earth—into league with him in telling one great story of passion or love or disaster. His human characters emerge from this great background: first you see the village of Lydford nestling quietly in a nook of the wide moor—then the farmhouse Ruddyford and the old peat mine, the place in which his chief characters live, and gradually the chief characters themselves stand out from their fellow villagers and over them something of the eternal greatness of things is thrown, something which comes from the greatness of their setting. In the carrying out of this conception he brings great skill to bear. But the result is not on the level of the intention. If it were so, Mr. Phillpotts's work would take a high place in English literature, a place above that of Thomas Hardy. There is something lacking: there is an element of disappointment: for though his descriptions of natural scenery and events are vivid and at times beautiful,

though his grip on his characters never relaxes and their doings are always interesting, yet the two are never moulded into shape by a view of things the scope of which is sufficiently wide to present one all-embracing outlook. Each remains separate. There is no dominant idea which would create the requisite unity in design. This defect is noticeable in "*The Whirlwind*," though the story is one which never fails to hold the attention and to hold it strongly. In isolated detail—for example in the character of Hilary Woodrow, a remarkably subtle study, or in the character of Sarah Jane, a magnificent woman, or in many descriptions of moorland scenery and of superb happenings in the heavens—Mr. Phillpotts has done nothing better. But there is a lack of inevitability about the final tragedy, and that lack lends to the tragedy an element of sordidness which is belittling. Great art takes facts which may be in themselves brutal and by its magic touch raises them above themselves, by showing that which lies beyond every fact and the beauty which is a part of all suffering. This transforming touch is absent from "*The Whirlwind*," as it is absent from all Mr. Phillpotts's work, and its absence prevents his work rising to the high place which the excellence of his actual writing, his knowledge of humanity, his love of Nature, would otherwise command.

Springtime. By H. C. BAILEY. (Murray, 6s.)

LIONARDO DA FELTRE had in him the heart of the spring, and this Lionardo is the hero of the story which Mr. Bailey tells with all the spirit and gusto which we expect from the author of "*Beaujeu*." The buoyant freshness of spring lives and breathes in the pages, as it should in a book, bearing the happy name of "*Springtime*," about a Duke with such a possession in his heart as had Lionardo, Duke of Vellano. "All lived every moment of their lives," Mr. Bailey writes: and he bears out ably the truth of his bold statement. He raises a high standard, but he is equal to its height. For whether the character be Squarcia, the great *condottiere*, who was brother to all men and women not his actual enemies, who was loyal as he was fat, and fat as he was brave; or the treacherous Castracane of Castagnaro, the black hero of a hundred murders; or the bright little peasant girl Bianca whom he gives to a leopard to devour and whom the Duke avenges; or the great Lionardo da Feltre himself—they one and all do live during every moment of the time that we spend in their company, through all the sudden phases of their love and anger, through all the reckless moods of laughter and of fighting. No lover of gay romance should miss reading Mr. Bailey's book.

In Statu Pupillari. (Sonnenschein, 6s.)

CLEVER, lively, and well-written is the story of Eva Blumberg's life at an English University, and it possesses a particular attraction for a certain class of readers who will be curious to compare experiences. Although the anonymous author is careful to explain that "all the personages and incidents are fictitious," yet girl graduates past and present will eagerly scan these pages for portraits and characteristics of the well-known people of their day. A slight love-story runs through the graver interest of lectures and the struggle for honours, but neither in love nor in learning does victory's crown rest where it might have been expected. The crowd of girls, dons and friends is handled with the skill of experience, and there are many excellent character-sketches. As an intimate study of the inner working of a woman's college with its striving and unrest, its contrasts and good fellowship, the book has a peculiar interest of its own.

The Sacrifice. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (Unwin, 6s.)

THERE is no effect so hard to attain as that of simplicity, especially in dealing with emotion. Though Mr Courlander writes with care and ability, his story

lacks conviction. It is the story of a country girl who is betrothed to a gentle, adoring man and is swept away by her feeling for a great fierce sailor-tramp, who breaks in upon her peace and forces her to be his mate. The story reads more like the well-put statement of a credible case than a living drama of what is known as primeval passion; for Mr. Courlander is apt to explain his characters and to explain them without much insight, whereas the essential business of a novelist is to show his characters in action. Mora Targitt suffers principally from this. At one time she is shown to be a very near and simple daughter of Mother Earth; at another, a complex creature of civilisation. The two, of course, may exist in the same person, but Mr. Courlander never welds them together as he should into one being. Mark Porey is well done; but his weakness is exaggerated and spoils the proper balance of the story; we have so little sympathy with him that we cannot but welcome his ultimate desertion. The best scenes in the book are those which take place in the Barley Sheaf inn; they bear that stamp of life which is absent from the more important phases of the work.

The Caloré Girl. By HARRY TIGHE. (Routledge, 6s.)

MANUELA was one of the Gitanos who live in the cave-dwellings near Granada, but she had noble Spanish blood in her veins and never learned to lie and steal like a true gypsy. Her faithful heart—mentioned in the second title of the story—was given to Pepindorio, a gypsy blade who asks nothing better of life than to ride off successfully with other people's horses. He goes to the horse fair at Seville to exercise his chosen trade and Manuela follows him. She makes friends there with a fair-haired dancer who was once a nun and she makes an enemy of the great lady with whom she is allied by blood and whom she closely resembles. The lady's nobility is offended by her cousinship with a low-born gypsy and so she instantly pursues Manuela with hatred and malice. But her actions, like the actions of every one else in the story, are quite ineffective. The author, in spite of endless descriptions, has not produced an atmosphere, his gypsies are mere pasteboard figures painted in picturesque rags, and his great lady is farcical.

The Mistress of Aydon. By R. H. FORSTER. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is what R. L. S. called "tushery," but it is well-written tushery, with a breath of genuine north-country air to redeem the staleness of its paraphernalia. We have met all the people a thousand times, and we are always a little bored by them. The beautiful heiress who is a minor, her avaricious guardian, her lovers, one brutal, one doltish, one perfection, a garrulous housekeeper, a crabbed man-at-arms, two impish boys—they are as hackneyed as clown and pantaloons in a harlequinade. Luckily, however, for those who write tushery there is an enormous reading public that does not care a fig for life. It enjoys the alarums and excursions of pasteboard figures with various flamboyant adjectives and picturesque Christian names. These it will get just as well served up in Mr. Forster's novel as in the romances of more widely known authors, and it will get in addition a careful though sometimes heavy style and pleasant descriptions of the country around Tynedale and of the castles and fortresses there in the fourteenth century. But it will get nothing more.

The Second Bloom. By HELEN PORTER. (Greening, 6s.)

THERE are dramatic moments in this story of a nineteenth-century Pretender, a grandson of Flora Macdonald's Pretender. Indeed we see a play in the novel, a play with thrilling scenes, costumes, a love-story, and Mr. Lewis Waller in the chief part. The meeting between "Charlie" and the secret Jacobite society would have a fine effect on the stage. The members howl at him for a traitor because, bound by his oath, he refuses to join them; one flings wine in his face; a moment later they

are all on their knees kissing the hand of their king. The love-story, too, is a pretty one and has its situations, for "Charlie" woos Lady Jean as a maid of low degree before she descends the stairs of her father's castle to open the ball given in her royal lover's honour. Then there is the great culminating scene where "Charlie," within reach of success, refuses to grasp it because a dying priest has told him that he is illegitimate and has no right to the throne. It is a well-told story of the king with no kingdom and of the loyal men and women who faced beggary and death for him. The Stuart of this romance, unlike the Stuarts of history, deserved the sacrifices made for him, and we wish that he had lived longer, happy in the love of Jean, who, of course, married him—after he had discovered that the dying priest was wrong.

The Duke's Dilemma. By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY. (Long, 6s.)

DUKES are generally hardly used in fiction; they are either as unapproachable as the haughty Duke of Somerset, or ready to sell their strawberry leaves to the highest bidder. In this comedy of errors the dissipated Duke of Devizes desires to catch the Vanstone millions, yet has not wit enough to discover the identity of pert, pretty Joyce, the maid of the inn. He blunders into countless difficulties, serious and farcical, according to the ancient rules of the game; and the usual soliloquy and appeal to his mother's portrait are fortunately overheard by the right person, and the curtain is rung down upon a happy ending. The lightly-constructed story runs gaily along, avoiding or ignoring obstacles in the way; and the reader who desires to be amused and is willing to accept everything as it comes will find "The Duke's Dilemma" a very entertaining little comedy.

The Outer Darkness. By R. H. WRIGHT. (Greening, 6s.)

WHATEVER little palliation newly invented details may bring to it, the device of manuscripts found in boxes or corners or crevices of trees is played out. At such an introduction the imp of incredulity leaps into instant being; and he grows to a monstrous size as the story proceeds. For here is imagination in wild disorder, allied with small power of expression. Teeth gnash, as of course they are bound to do in the circumstances; but the book misses the *creep* which is its object and would be its excuse, and prolongs itself interminably through pages of tedious horror.

The Love of Philip Hampden. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. (White, 6s.)

THE love of Philip Hampden for the mysterious Lady Armitage was but a slight episode in his career, but he had the makings of a tolerable husband to a wife who did not ask too much. The middle-aged Philip breaks away from his cloth warehouse and the influence of an early Victorian aunt to see life and have his fling; his adventures are exciting, varied, and ingenious, compounded from an old prescription adapted to modern requirements. He is successful in detecting the schemes of villains of the deepest dye, and in keeping himself and his friend out of the clutches of a secret society given to torturing its victims in ways that suggest that even that terrible "something in the nature of boiling oil" would not be thought excessive. It is not the kind of story in which the author of "Bootle's Baby" is seen to advantage, but there is plenty of "go" in it, it is brisk and lively, and two scenes at least will be read with breathless haste to obtain the assurance that the principal characters have not met with violent deaths, regardless of the claims of the last page.

Izelle of the Dunes. By G. GUISE MITFORD. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is in part an idyllic love-story, all simplicity and innocence, set in fresh picturesque surroundings in a little island in the North Sea; and for the rest it is a

highly coloured sensational tale of revenge. The author is inventive, the plot has good points, but the details have not been sufficiently thought out, and the principal situations are too absurd for acceptance. In the intentionally thrilling scenes there is no difficulty whatever in making the reader shudder; Strangsways, who tells the story, is daring, and does not hesitate to express himself strongly to that end. The fair Izelle's father is blind, drunken, unclean: "his appearance was so revolting that I felt a nausea rising in my throat," and as Strangsways's realistic description proceeds the reader suffers with him. Yet there are exciting scenes too, so well told that they lure the reader on, and some charming descriptions of the Frieslanders and their quaint friendly ways.

DRAMA

LAVEDAN'S "LE MARQUIS DE PRIOLA" AT THE NEW ROYALTY

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE has shown, in a famous sonnet, Don Juan being ferried across the Styx by Charon, while the shades of all the women he has loved hover on the bank and lament or curse his cruelty:

Mais le calme héros courbé sur sa rapière
Regardait le sillage et n'osait rien voir.

In the pitiless strength of the man there is a kind of dreadful majesty: his absolute disdain makes him horrible, but it makes him also sublime, for he dares magnificently to be his infamous self. Such a man M. Lavedan has attempted to draw in his *Marquis de Priola*. But he has failed to achieve success. He treats his Marquis sentimentally and even tries to draw a moral from him, with the result that in the various scenes where he triumphs over various women the stupidity of the women is more remarkable than the triumph of the man. The Marquis really is much nearer to the Bel Ami type of sensual adventurer, a Bel Ami whose vulgarity is made more apparent by a certain facile distinction in perverted thought. He is more often ridiculous than great. Even in the last act, when he is finally subdued by the paralysis which has been creeping upon him, no other feeling than one of detestation, mingled with contempt, is aroused, as for a shameful creature caught by a shameful death. So M. le Bargy was justified in cutting out the serious passages of the play, and he cut freely. In his hands the play became a diabolical farce, full of brilliant wit and what used to be called *fin de siècle* idea—yesterday's name for the smart sophistries of yesterday.

M. le Bargy played the Marquis de Priola with amazing cleverness. He did not attempt to show him as the sublime Don Juan, the superman of infamy. He gave him no shred of dignity, but was content to portray him as he really is—as an educated, rather well-bred Bel Ami, a man who could lose his temper, a man who so far from controlling his passions to his own end is the slave of the most paltry vices. By his cleverness he made this strange incredible creature almost live. Nothing could have been more finished than the way in which he showed the gradual oncoming of disease and brought out the fascination of the fellow. The part has opportunities for an actor of an exceptional kind, and not one was missed. That is doubtless one reason why the play was given. Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat played Madame de Vailleroy, a small and extremely difficult part, with grace and her own distinction. In the great scene in the second act, where she comes to see the Marquis and his famous almanacks, her playing was incomparably subtle. M. Lebreu was an amusing Brabançon, the jackal to the lion (that king of beasts), and all the other parts were rendered with that degree of excellence which makes it always a pleasure to welcome the arrival of the French Season.

Next week M. Coquelin Aîné, with the entire company of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, will appear in plays by Molière, Labiche and Rostand.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

MODERN PORTRAITS

OF the many new art societies which have sprung into existence during the last decade, few could hope better to justify their existence than the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, now holding its first exhibition at the Institute galleries in Piccadilly.

Of the thirty members who at present constitute this society, three (Messrs. Alexander Jamieson, George W. Lambert and Joseph Oppenheimer) are already reckoned among the younger associates of the International Society; two (Messrs. Francis Dodd and Gerard Chowne) belong to the New English Art Club; one (Mr. J. D. Fergusson) is a prominent member of the Royal Society of British Artists; and another (Mr. Sholto Johnstone Douglas) is a well-known Academy exhibitor; but with these exceptions the society is composed of painters who are attached to no other body, and whose work has seldom, if ever, been seen before in London. A novelty in the names of the exhibitors, however, does not necessarily entail any novelty in the exhibits, and it must be confessed that several of the Modern Portrait Painters are little more than imitators of their seniors; some emulating the sugary and stylish confections of Mr. Ellis Jeffreys, others, more laudably, if less successfully, following at a distance the lead of the late C.W. Furse. Such contributions do not materially affect the exhibition save that they tend to lower the standard otherwise maintained; for, viewed as a whole, the collection is of an unusually high order considering the youth of the exhibitors, shows a refreshing individuality of outlook, and contains much of promise, even a little of definite achievement.

If to our "arrived" painters, men old in experience, an exhibition is still a temptation, how much more so must it be to their juniors? Competition is keen, patrons are few, and to the painter comes the tempter saying: "You must make your work different from the exhibits of the other man if you want it to attract attention." But how to make it different? Some strive to give novelty to the treatment, the technique; others to the arrangement, the presentation of the subject. Mr. Fergusson, a young Scotsman of undoubted originality and considerable powers, clamours for attention by his treatment. His *Man in a Tall Hat* (16) cleverly depicts a London type with a rare economy of brushwork and a subtle appreciation of colour. But, apparently, a desire to prove how much can be expressed by a minimum of touches has led to his undoing in his other exhibits, which are only carried far enough to show the painter's dexterous mannerisms, and not so far that the mannerisms are lost sight of in the vitality of the thing painted. Mr. William J. Clackens, an American painter, bids differently for fame by presenting as a portrait a picture of a man and a lady (10) seated amid the glitter of a New York restaurant. The picture is cleverly handled, as is the same painter's rendering of a pink-skirted little dancer (12), but how many patrons would choose to be portrayed amid such surroundings? Mr. David Neave, again, paints a number of interiors in each of which a lady is seated. They are not unpleasant as pictures, but as portraits are the sitters given sufficient importance? And Mr. G. W. Lambert, who sends a striking and dramatic portrait of *F. Derwent Wood* (56), labels as *Portrait Group* (54) a very charming figure-composition of two ladies going down to the sea, one carrying a child about to paddle, while by her side trots a naked youngster eager for his swim. It is a delightful little work, charming in colour and composition, and the contrast of the nude and clothed figures is as successful and natural here as it is unnatural and forced

in the same artist's *The Sonnet* at the New Gallery. But is such a picture a portrait group?

No doubt some latitude must be given in an exhibition of portraits, but we doubt whether patrons are more likely to be attracted by these novelties of arrangement than they are by eccentricities of brushwork. Nor does the adoption of either method lead to the best results.

No portrait at the Institute bears more deeply the impress of the artist's individuality than Mr. Gerald F. Kelly's *Alex en fourrures* (103), refreshingly free from any deliberate attempt at ostentatious originality. Warm sunlight falls sideways on the pensive face of this charming blonde, and forms with the furs which enwrap her figure—a ravishing harmony in brown and gold. We feel that the painter loves Titian and reveres Rembrandt, but he has imitated neither, and a loving study of the Old Masters has, according to Sir Joshua's prophecy, led him unconsciously to develop a true originality. Here is no parade of skill, the art by higher art is with subtlety concealed, but for those who search them out high technical qualities are present, in the skilful manipulation of light and shade, the rich tonality, the distinctive quality of texture.

Two other portraits deserve praise for their unostentatious virtues and solid merits. Mr. Francis Dodd has been exhibiting for some years now at the New English Art Club, but he has never attained a higher level of accomplishment than in his *Signora Lotto* (73), a work remarkable alike for its searching characterisation, its firm rendering of form and the restrained power of the painting. Another New English clubman, Mr. Gerald Chowne, is chiefly known by his admirable flower-paintings, but in his portrait of the *Lord Mayor of Liverpool* (70), in his robes, he has succeeded in investing a very difficult subject with a Titianesque dignity and simplicity. Few presentation portraits in the provinces—or in London for that matter—have equal artistic qualities, and a bad blunder was committed by those who, having the sense to give Mr. Chowne the commission, were foolish enough to reject the admirable painting he produced.

A last word of praise is due to the Hanging Committee for its good sense and excellent taste in keeping each member's exhibits together and in allowing only a single row of pictures on the walls.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

No more useful series of reprints are at present on the market than Messrs. Routledge's "Muses' Library" and their "New Universal Library." The poems and poets included in them are in many cases unobtainable elsewhere, or obtainable only at a price far beyond the limits of the ordinary book-lover's pocket, and in reprinting the poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes in the "Muses' Library" they are doing good work. Dr. Ramsay Colles, who is editing the edition—which is complete save for a few unimportant fragments the copyright of which has not yet expired—contributes an introduction.

Mr. Frowde is adding several new volumes to the World's Classics. They include Scott's *Lives of the Novelists*, with introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson; Thackeray's *Pendennis*, with introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse; Sheridan's *Plays*, with introduction by Mr. Joseph Knight; Oliver Wendell Holmes's *The Poet and the Professor at the Breakfast Table*, with introductions by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll (we wonder why); and another volume of Burke's complete works.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus's first eleven half-crown novels will be: "The Spanish Necklace," by B. M. Croker; "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman; "The Ghost," by Arnold Bennett; "A Free Solitude," by Alice Perrin; "The Obliging Husband," by Frank Barrett; "The Last of the Mammoths," by Raymond Turenne; "Her Honour," by Robert Machray; "Monsieur de Paris," by Mary C. Rowsell; "His Wife's Revenge," by George R. Sims; "Love will Venture In," by Amelia E. Barr; and "The Dream of Simon Usher," by Algernon Gissing.

Mr. Manmath C. Mallik, the author of a work on Indian

philosophy entitled "The Problem of Existence in the Light of Aryan Wisdom," has written a new book entitled "Impressions of a Wanderer," which Mr. Unwin will publish on January 28.

Following Messrs. Longman's example, Messrs. Routledge have decided to offer on and after Monday, January 28, all their books, including the forthcoming "Universal Ruskin" (15 vols.), "on subscription," "subject to the following condition, viz.: That one-third of the number of copies of a book bought on subscription shall be subject to return, if in good saleable condition and carriage paid, within six months of the last day of the month in which subscription was effected."

A book which should appeal to readers and writers is "Cassell's Book of Quotations," announced for early publication. The preparation of the work has, we learn, occupied its author, Mr. W. Gurney Benham, nearly twenty years. It is "absolutely up-to-date," and includes quotations from such modern writers as Mr. John Morley, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. "Any comparison of Mr. Benham's work with existing books of quotations," the publishers modestly claim, "will serve to emphasise its superiority." We hope that their claim will be justified.

Early in February Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish "The State of the Navy in 1907," by "Civis." The object of which these letters were written and published in the *Spectator*, where they attracted much attention, and with which they are now republished with two additional letters, is to show the need of a close and impartial enquiry into the present state of the Navy. The additions deal with the distribution of a fleet in commission at sea, the abolition and reduction of the naval dockyards and bases abroad, and the numerous changes that have been made in the arrangements of the fleet in reserve. The choice of the *Dreadnought* as the flagship of the new Home Fleet is fully discussed. Mr. St. Loe Strachey gives an introduction and emphasises the arguments used by "Civis" in his plea for enquiry.

"Essays on Glass, China and Silver" is the title of a new book for connoisseurs which Mr. Werner Laurie will issue. The author, Mr. F. Coenen, is the curator of the Willet Holthuysen Museum in Amsterdam, and in his book he deals with the many valuable treasures under his charge. The work will be illustrated with thirty-two reproductions of vases and silver work.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish early in February a new novel entitled "Running Water," by Mr. A. E. W. Mason. It is, we are informed, "a novel of adventure and intrigue as well as of character development." Its action begins in the Alps, shifts to England, and then back to the Alps.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish "The Second Evil," by Sadi Grant. "Two young ladies are left almost unprotected, for by the sudden death of their benefactor, but soon, by the help of Plain William, a rough and ready millionaire, who is in love with the younger girl, they take a trip to Japan." It sounds strikingly original.

Mr. Werner Laurie is about to publish a novel on what he quaintly styles "an untouched theme," by Mr. Arthur Stringer, a young Canadian. The chief character makes his living by intercepting Stock Exchange and other messages and using the information so gained for his own benefit. The title of the book will be "The Wire Tappers." It is, the publisher informs us, "a combination of love and electricity."

CORRESPONDENCE

A POINT OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think you're wrong in saying "there can be no plural of one." (ACADEMY, January 19, p. 77, col. 2, line 11.) Surely you can say "three ones in sequence (111) make one hundred and eleven," and "four ones added together make 4." One can have a plural just as unit can.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

January 19.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—In logic, there may be no plural of one; but grammar (I am glad to say) is not bound down by logic. The plural ones is not merely "colloquial," but standard English. Virgil has *una* as a neuter plural; Æneid, ii. 642. French has *les unes* as well as *les autres*. The Anglo-Saxon *æn*, our "one,"

is often used in the plural. The number *ii* is written with *two ones*. Shakespeare has *little ones*, *pretty ones*, *married ones*, and the like. Chaucer says that Palamon and Arcite were both "*in oon armes*," answering to the Old French phrase *en unes armes*. Bunyan introduces us to the *Shining Ones* at the end of his "*Pilgrim's Progress*."

Any one who will consult the N.E.D. (Neglected English Dictionary) will find the facts there, under section vi.

It would be a sad loss to miss *the ones*, which forms so fine a climax to the famous letter of the polite undergraduate, which ran, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: "Mr. Jones presents his compliments to Mr. Smith, and I beg leave to say that he finds he has a cap which is not mine. If Mr. Smith finds that you have a cap which is not his, no doubt those are the ones."

Beginners in English grammar may try to parse the sentence in the Prayer-book version of the Psalms: "many a one there be."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CHAUCEER AGAIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for December 29, Professor Skeat exhibits the most delightful methods of proving his case. Where readings differ he selects the reading that favours his case and anathematises the other reading. Where both readings are against him he boldly emends the text—sometimes, I admit, not without a show of plausibility—and anathematises—this is the import of his exclamation points—anybody who refuses to admit that his emendations are anything better than emendations. It is impossible to quarrel. As Abraham Lincoln once remarked, "If people like that sort of thing that is the sort of thing they like." I have pointed out that, sometimes according to both of the earliest copies, sometimes according to only one, there are both Northernisms and imperfect rimes, in both the A- and the B-fragments of the "Romaunt of the Rose." Professor Skeat retorts that the Northernisms are corruptions, thereby clearly begging the question. He further insinuates that the imperfect rimes are not Northernisms, quite as if I had said that they were. He even goes so far as to urge that one of the Northernisms of the "Romaunt" occurs also in the "Knight's Tale," as if that proved that Chaucer could not have written the "Romaunt." And yet he says that my arguments are "flimsy." I have already admitted that they are inconclusive. They involve assumptions which are not, and perhaps cannot be, perfectly established. But what adjective does Professor Skeat apply to his own arguments?

I regret that the great editor of Chaucer, to whom all cultivated men in the English-speaking world owe so much, should have given the discussion a turn that promises nothing better than the threshing of old straw. My letter contained two suggestions that I believe to be new to the public: first that Chaucer studied the "Ywayne and Gawin" in his youth, and shows the effects of this study, for example, in the "Knight's Tale"; secondly that he owed partly to this study a certain fondness for the Northern dialect, and exhibited this fondness in the more or less Northernised B-fragment of the "Romaunt." His use of Northernisms in the "Reeve's Tale" may be due exclusively to other causes, being a device old among comic writers. Aristophanes, for example, uses Laconian in the "Lysistrata," and Megarian and Boeotian in "The Acharnians" for the same purpose; namely, that of making people talk in character. Yet it is wholly possible that even the Northernisms of the "Reeve's Tale" would not have occurred had not Chaucer at an early age become familiar with the Northern dialect, whether through his residence at Hatfield or through the study of "Ywayne and Gawin," or through both.

There is no difficulty in showing that great poets have sometimes used more than one dialect. Theocritus, Burns and Tennyson are examples of the practice. One might even dare to suggest that Chaucer wrote the B-fragment, without attempting to explain the Northernisms at all. I have, however, endeavoured to suggest a reason for his using those forms, if indeed he actually did write the B-fragment. I am open to conviction in the matter, but it must be for reasons wholly different from any that have yet been aired. The imperfect rimes, I will add, seem to offer no serious difficulty to my theory. Nothing is more likely than that Chaucer indulged in this licence more freely in his youth than in his age.

HENRY BARRETT HINCKLEY.

January 10.

VERSE TRANSLATIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The recent publication of two verse translations of the "Æneid" suggest once more the question—What purpose are such translations intended to serve? Are they intended to heighten the critic's appreciation of the Latin poet, or to introduce him to readers who do not know Latin? Or are they a purely academic tour-de-force, like the prize poems of which Macaulay wrote with pungent irony that prize sheep are only fit to make tallow candles, and prize poems are only fit to light them? It will, I suppose, be admitted that no poetry which deserves the name can be adequately represented in the poetical garb of another language, that it is a flower *sui generis*, which can only bloom on its native soil. To reduce the question to its narrowest limits, no English metre can possibly reproduce the Homeric or Virgilian hexameter, the terza rima of Dante, or even the rhymed couplets of the "Misanthrope"; and all the English poets sitting in conclave, with Shakespeare and Milton at their head, could not give a worthy verse rendering of such single lines as

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
and

Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Milton translated into verse one of the simplest odes of Horace, and Shakespeare turned into poetry Plutarch's prose—a very different kind of task. The converse is equally true; and if Homer and Virgil still write verses in the Elysian fields they may well be challenged to turn Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy," or Keats's "Ode to a nightingale" into Greek or Latin verse which shall recall the special beauties of the originals. Yet we still persist in weaving ropes of sand by essaying the impossible and translating the untranslatable. If we wish to reproduce the "matter" of a poem, prose will do it as well as verse; and if we wish to reproduce the "form" the attempt must be hopeless.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

FAVOURITE LINES

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Your mention in the ACADEMY of the 12th inst. page 31, of an essay on melody in poetry and Johnson's favourite verse in Vergil's first Eclogue:

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas,
reminds me of the following extract from Boswell:

Mr. Warton writes: "As we were leaving the college he [Johnson] said, 'Here I translated Pope's "Messiah." Which do you think is the best line in it? My own favourite is

Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica nubes.'

I told him, I thought it a very sonorous hexameter."

W. G. R. HERD.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I inferred from Mr. George Stronach's letter, that he was of opinion that in the original edition of the Play, which is to be found in the First Folio, it was split up into the extraordinary number of scenes tabulated by him. But what is the fact? It is quite true that at the commencement of the Play we find the heading "*Actus Primus, Scena Prima*," but thereafter there is no definite indication of Act or Scene. Such indication as there may be by the spacing of certain "entrances," and by "exits" and "exeunts," will be found, I think, on a slight examination to be of no reliable character. It is not quite fair to foist upon Shakespeare the divisions into Acts and Scenes adopted in the Globe edition. But I have been more than once surprised to find that critics of some reputation hold, in perfect good faith, that the Globe edition reproduces minutely the First Folio, save only that the spelling is modernised. The sooner any such delusion is dispelled the better will it be for the cause of true criticism.

I am inclined to think that the stage directions in the First Folio and the Quartos deserve more study than they have hitherto received. Here is a quaint one from this very Play (after II. ii. 173): "*Flourish. Exit omnes. Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecnas.*"

ALFRED E. THISELTON,

January 21.

QUESTIONS FOR CHILDREN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Apropos of the curious examination questions for children referred to in the ACADEMY, it is (mis)understood that the following supplementary questions were by some mistake omitted by the examiners at the last moment:

- (1) How is it that English hairdressers' assistants never eat reindeer?
- (2) How is it that Shepherd's Bush is not in the Isle of Man?
- (3) How is it that the Mayor of Holborn is not a descendant of the Incas?
- (4) How is it that Sutherlandshire dentists do not keep porpoises?
- (5) How is it that the New York liners from Southampton do not call at Clacton?
- (6) How is it that the office of the Local Government Board is not situated at Gibraltar?

F. E.

MR. HARDY AND TENNYSON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In publishing my letter on Mr. Hardy and Tennyson in the ACADEMY of last week a printer's error occurs, which as it affects my whole contention, kindly allow me to correct. In the phrase "He (Tennyson) indicates *pessimism* in these very comparisons" I think I used "this" where you print *pessimism*, that is, of course, the reverse, i.e., optimism, as the letter infers.

BARNARD GEORGE HOARE.

[Our correspondent's letter was printed, word for word, as it reached us.—ED.]

CHATEAUBRIAND IN SUFFOLK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am engaged on a work on Chateaubriand's exile in England, 1793-1800. In his Memoirs this writer says that in 1794 he went down to Beccles to translate, for a society of Suffolk antiquaries, certain old French manuscripts from the *Collection de Camden*. I am anxious to know whether such a thing was possible; whether Camden left any collection of manuscripts at all; and whether, that being the case, these manuscripts were not housed in London, never to be lent out to local societies. Chateaubriand is not to be trusted. As far as I have been able to ascertain none of his statements concerning his stay in Suffolk are correct; if I could prove that Camden manuscripts were out of the question, as I believe they were, the proof would be complete that all the rest of the story is fictitious.

E. DICK.

January 21.

A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I trust that you will allow me to reply on behalf of my wife (C. Gasquoine Hartley) to your correspondent's references to "inaccuracies" in her "Record of Spanish Painting." It is unfortunate that a gentleman of Mr. Dodgson's ability should waste his time in searching the pages of a big book, in order to discover three or four printer's errors and one or two trivial slips of the author's pen. Mrs. Gallichan's information concerning the pictures at Teruel was obtained from Mr. Dodgson's own word of mouth. In a footnote, on page 19 of "A Record of Spanish Painting," she writes: "I have not personally seen these pictures. I received my information about them from Mr. Dodgson, of Oxford, upon whose judgment I have every reason to rely. Mr. Dodgson knows Spain well. He is a translator of the Basque Testament, and is a great authority upon all Spanish antiquarian subjects." Surely Mr. Dodgson should be satisfied with such full acknowledgment of his assistance in this matter. Yet apparently for the three years since the book was published he has endured a bitter sense of injury because Teruel is given as "San Teruel"! Mr. Dodgson is also dejected by the hallucination that my wife has announced him as "the author" of the Basque Testament. A reference to the passage which I have just quoted will, I hope, relieve Mrs. Gallichan from any further allusion to "inaccuracies," for Mr. Dodgson will therein find himself described as the "translator" of the Testament. Both my wife and I certainly were under the im-

pression that Mr. Dodgson translated the volume. May I say in conclusion, that Mrs. Gallichan spent several months in Spain, studying the pictures in many public and private collections, and that her book represents two years diligent labour. The praise accorded to the work by competent reviewers, and the judgment expressed in letters to my wife from those who have made Spanish painting their study should serve as sufficient proof that the "Record" is as free from "inaccuracies" as it is possible for a volume of such length to be.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

January 21.

THEATRE AUDIENCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—That audiences are more critical than in days of yore there can be no manner of doubt. Time was when the playgoer had so much for his money that little time was left for criticism of play or players during the performance, and at curtain fall the playgoer was too tired to discuss anything but supper. In these days, an audience, or at all events the pit and gallery portion thereof, will wait in the street for a couple of hours before the doors open, passing the time in criticising plays they have seen, and the play that they have come to see. Should the latter be something entirely new and original, they know all about it, and they are intimately acquainted with the author (provided he be a popular and successful one). When their period of purgatory is passed, and the doors are opened, they hustle and jostle into the theatre, and with hot heads and cold feet continue to air their views until the curtain rises, and oftentimes after it has risen. Seated within earshot of these worthies, one's interest in the play droops and dwindles, the laughter rings hollow, and the applause lacks fire.

Come we then to the lethargic and unsympathetic audience. At a recent performance of a popular musical play, it was noticeable that as favourite after favourite made his or her entrance on the stage, not a hand was raised nor a stick or umbrella thumped by way of welcome. Strange, is it not, that some audiences would rather laugh at a player than with him? In other words, they enjoy some unfortunate mishap on the stage more than the finest exposition of the actor's art. An instance of this occurred at a provincial theatre during the performance of a romantic drama in which the principal character was impersonated by the stage manager. An impressive speech, and a still more impressive death scene, were received in chilling silence, and the curtain would have fallen "without a hand." But the curtain *didn't* fall—it stuck! And when that dead hero arose, walked to the wings, mounted a ladder, set things right, returned to the centre of the stage, and solemnly died again, the rafters rang with applause, and the air teemed with sympathetic shouts of "Encore!"

Take the case of a performance by amateurs. The amateur audience is coldly critical, or at the best, politely appreciative, until some *contretemps* occurs. Then it wakes up, and remains on the *qui vive* for some further disaster to befall, and the more dire that disaster, the louder will be the laughter.

Nothing can be more stimulating to the actor than an alert and appreciative audience, but nothing can be more fatal to play and players than ill-timed applause and comments on the part of "Kind friends in front." An audience would very properly resent any remark addressed to it from the stage during the performance of a play. Surely it is equally reprehensible on the part of any member of an audience to hurl epithets at actor, author, or manager. The stage and the auditorium are things apart, and the dividing line should not be crossed.

In these days of theatrical clubs and debating societies, every member is a self-constituted critic, and authors great and small fall under the lash of his sarcasm. But do the authors wince? Out upon them—no! They opine that to abuse is to advertise, and in the case of musical comedy, the louder the abuse the longer the run.

It is interesting to watch the demeanour of an audience during the performance of one of the last-named variety shows. In the first Act there is usually something in the nature of a story or plot that arrests and holds the attention, and gives promise of better things to come. In Act 2 the plot wilts away, and with it the attention of the audience. They begin to exhibit signs of impatience, and as "turn" succeeds "turn" these signs become more marked. It takes a phenomenally good song or dance to arouse their enthusiasm, and ere the end is reached the want of sustained interest in the story is painfully apparent. A remark frequently over-

heard on quitting the theatre is: "And we waited outside two solid hours for *that*." On a wet night, the remark is couched in more forcible language.

To sum up, audiences of to-day are patient, long-suffering, and merciful. Patient before the curtain goes up, long suffering while it is up, and merciful when it falls. Merciful enough to warn their friends against going through the ordeal that they have just managed to survive.

H. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Cruttwell, Maud. *Antonio Pollaiuolo*. 8 x 6. Pp. 286. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

Reinach, S. *Apollo*. Translated from the French by Florence Simmonds. With 600 illustrations. 7½ x 5. Pp. 351. Heinemann, 6s. net.

[An illustrated manual of the history of art through the ages. This new edition has been revised by the author and additions and alterations have been made.]

Tucker, T. G. *Life in Ancient Athens*. The Social and Public Life of a Classical Athenian from Day to Day. 8 x 5½. Macmillan, 5s.

[In the "Handbook of Archæology and Antiquities" series.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Huchon, R. *Mrs. Montagu: 1720-1800*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 301. Murray, 6s. net.

[“An essay proposed as a thesis to the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris.”]

Dressler, Friedrich August. *Moltke in his Home*. Authorised translation by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard. With an introduction by General Lord Methuen. 9 x 5½. Pp. 163. Murray, 6s. net.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe during the Greek Revolution. Edited by his Daughter, Laura E. Richards; with an introduction and notes by Mrs. John Lane. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 419. Lane, 16s. net.

[Portrait and map of Southern Greece.]

Simpson, Selwyn G. *Thomas Edward Brown, the Manx Poet*. An appreciation. With a preface by the Rev. J. M. Wilson. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 244. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 6s.

EDUCATION.

The Major Dramas of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Edited, with introductions and notes, by George Henry Nettleton. 7½ x 5. Pp. cxvii, 331. Ginn, 4s.

[In the "Athenæum Press" series. Contains *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal* and *The Critic*. Bibliographical note.]

FICTION.

Yolland, E. *Under the Stars*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 311. White, 6s.

Blyth, James. *Amazement*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 334. Long, 6s.

Phillimore, Mrs. C. E. *Two Women and a Maharajah*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 347. Long, 6s.

Memoirs of a Person of Quality. Edited by Ashton Hilliers. Heinemann, 6s.

[“Being extracts from certain journals written at different times by my great uncle, the Honble. George Augustus Frederick Chorley Fanshawe, second son of the fifth Earl of Blakenham and Bramford in the County of Sussex, wherein are given the authentic particulars of his connection with the —th Regiment of Dragoon Guards; his breach with his family, residence among the Yorkshire Quakers, his restoration to Society and other matters. Privately printed A.D. 18—.”]

Elkington, E. Way. *The Two Forces*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 290. Long, 6s.

Cobb, Thomas. *The Amateur Emigrants*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 302. Alston Rivers, 6s.

Cleeve, Lucas. *The Rose Geranium*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 311. Unwin, 6s.

Vacaresco, Hélène. *The King's Wife*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 275. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Gouldsbury, Cullen. *God's Outpost*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 366. Nash, 6s.

Scott, John Reed. *The Colonel of the Red Huzzars*. With illustrations in colour by Clarence F. Underwood. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 341. E. Grant Richards, 6s.

De Polen, Narcissa Lucien. *Clarice*. The Story of a Crystal Heart. Being a Chronicle mainly true. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 138. Unwin, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Rhodes, James Ford. *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877*. Vol. vii.—1872-1877. 8½ x 6. Pp. 431. Macmillan, 12s.

LITERATURE.

Canning, the Hon. Albert S. G. *Shakespeare Studied in Six Plays*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 545. Unwin, 16s. net.

Ellis, Edwin J. *The Real Blake*. A Portrait Biography. With 13 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 443. Chatto & Windus, 12s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lockyer, Sir Norman. *Education and National Progress*. Essays and Addresses, 1870-1905. With an introduction by the Right Honourable R. B. Haldane. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 269. Macmillan, 5s. net.

Browne, J. H. Balfour. *Essays Critical and Political*. Vol. i., Critical; vol. ii., Political. 9 x 6. Pp. 307 and 333. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

Scott, Sir J. George. *Burma: a Handbook of Practical Information*. With numerous illustrations by the author and others. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 519. Moring, 10s. 6d. net.

[“With special articles by recognised authorities on Burma.”]

The Schoolmasters' Year-book and Directory, 1907. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 1046. Sonnenschein, 6s. net.

[Fifth annual issue.]

Willing's Press Guide, 1907. An Advertiser's Directory and Handbook. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 424. Willing, 1s.

[Thirty-fourth annual issue.]

The Writers' and Artists' Year-book, 1907. A Directory for Writers, Artists, and Photographers. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 93. Black, 1s. net.

[Second year of new issue.]

Life's Mystical Links. By Alexander Connell Maclaren. Collected and arranged by Rachel Challice. 7½ x 5. Pp. 210. Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.

POETRY.

Poems of Life and Death. Edited by G. K. A. Bell. 6½ x 4. Pp. 234. Routledge, 1s. net.

[In the "Golden Anthologies" series.]

Doughty, Charles M. *The Dawn in Britain*. Vols. v. and vi. (concluding the work). 7½ x 5½. Pp. 252 and 249. Duckworth, 9s. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Kropotkin, P. *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. With portrait. 8 x 5½. Pp. 468. Sonnenschein, 6s.

[With a preface by Dr. Brandes and a new preface to this edition in which the author deals with events in Russia up to 1906.]

The Modern Cyclopædia. New edition, revised and extended. Edited by Charles Annandale. Vol. v.—Ima—Mom. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 544. Gresham Publishing Co., n.p.

[“A handy book of reference on all subjects and for all readers.”]

Mackinder, H. J. *Britain and the British Seas*. With maps and diagrams. Second edition. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 375. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.

Select Statistics and other Constitutional Documents, illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. Third edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 490. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.

McCarthy, Justin. *Sir Robert Peel*. Fourth edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 194. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[In the "Prime Ministers of England" series.]

SCIENCE.

Le Bon, Gustave. *The Evolution of Matter*. Translated from the Third Edition, with an introduction and notes, by F. Legge. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 436. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 5s.

THEOLOGY.

The Hymnal Appendix. Compiled by A. Leigh Barker. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 122. Skeffington, 4d.

[“A supplement to 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' (both editions), 'Church Hymns' (both editions), and 'The Hymnal Companion.' It contains no hymn not excluded from one or other, and in most cases from more than one, of these books. Paper covers.”]

Brooks, the Rev. Phillips. *The Influence of Jesus*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 274. Allenson, 2s. 6d. net.

[The Bohlen Lectures, delivered in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, in February 1879.]

Holland, Canon Henry Scott. *Vital Values*. 7½×5. Pp. 227. Wells, Gardner, 3s. 6d.

[Sermons.]

Atwood, the Rev. H. C. *At His Feet*. The Place of Faith in the Incarnate World. 7½×5. Pp. 164. Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d.

Mayor, Joseph B. *The World's Desire, and other Sermons*. 7½×5½. Pp. 178. Griffiths, 3s. net.

The Old Covenant, commonly called The Old Testament: translated from the Septuagint by Charles Thomson. A new edition by S. F. Pells. 2 vols. 8½×6. Hove, England: Published by the Editor, n.p.

["This Bible," says the Editor, "is a facsimile reprint, page for page, and line for line, of the first translation of the Septuagint into English. The copy from which this reprint is made was published in America, A.D. 1808, at Philadelphia." The author had been Secretary to the Congress of the United States.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Bell, Gertrude Lowthian. *The Desert and the Sown*. With many illustrations and a map. 9½×6½. Pp. 347. Heinemann, 16s. net.

Grimshaw, Beatrice. *From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands*. 9½×6½. Pp. 356. Nash, 12s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKSHELF

The Apocalypse of St. John. The Greek Text, with Introduction, Notes and Indices. By HENRY BARCLAY SWETE. (Macmillan, 15s.)—It is a commonplace of the schools that prophecy was not, as ordinary English thought for many years supposed, prediction so much as preaching. "If the future were foretold, it was the prediction of dissatisfaction, the prediction of hope, of anticipation, of awakened thoughts, of human possibility and Divine nearness" rather than a formal announcement of coming events. This voice of prophecy in the chilling frosts of the Scribes' domination was almost hushed, for some hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. But then it broke out again when the great Forerunner and the Lord Himself began to preach, and ever since age after age has seen some member of the order rise.

In the long history of prophecy one episode, it may be said, was that of Apocalypse. "To the earlier prophets the Day of the Lord, the crisis of the world, is a definite point in history: full of terrible, divine events, yet 'natural' ones. . . . After it history is still to flow on, common days come back." In Apocalypse "the Day of the Lord begins to assume what we call the 'supernatural' . . . tenus to become the Last Day." Finding almost its first beginning in Zephaniah, it reached in Daniel its highest altitude under the Jewish Dispensation. It culminated in the Canonical Revelation and sank gradually away through an apocryphal Apocalypse of Peter until it disappeared. The full story of its rise and fall would fill one of the most interesting and curious chapters in literary and religious history, and another, more curious if less interesting, might be written on the interpretations that these Apocalypses—especially those of Daniel and St. John—have been made to endure. The revolution in the trend of theological thought which has taken place in the last fifty years can be gauged by the character of the new Commentary on the Revelation which the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge has just issued. Thirty years ago the diligent study of the Apocalypse was looked on as either dangerous to the safe equipoise of the reason or as insufficiently productive to be worth the pains of the attempt: now we have an interpretation which makes the book interesting, edifying and generally intelligible.

The rival motives, the antagonistic germinal principles which produced on the one side Cæsarism, on the other the Church, had now developed side by side for at least half a century. The imperial idea had at first attracted to itself the enthusiasm and devotion of such men as Vergil by the magnetism of its good government and police, and of the higher civilisation it represented for barbarian subjects. St. Paul had not been dead to its commendable side, and had bidden those whom his words would influence to "honour the Emperor." But towards the close of the first century the deification of material comfort, latent almost from the first in this admiration of civil tranquillity, leapt from the modest dimensions of an extravagance permitted to grateful and effusive provinces, to the gigantic proportions of a compulsory faith. "Cæsar or Christ?" merely focussed into a point of opposition, from the first inherent, long unconsciously developing like the tares while men slept, and now declared in open battle. And this world-wide struggle to the Seer's eye was but an accident, however typical, of the great War—wide a time and pregnant with eternal issues—between Good and Evil.

It was the fashion twenty years ago to date the book from a time shortly after Nero's death, so that the wounded head of the Beast which afterwards was healed was the apocalyptic reference to the legend widely current in the East for at least twenty years that Nero was in hiding and would again appear to take up the reins of Empire. Dr. Swete agrees that this reference must be correct, but he believes that Domitian is regarded as the re-embodiment of Nero, the Beast that was not and yet is—a rival to the risen Christ. The older school of Cambridge theologians seem to have been influenced partly by the need, if the writer was the same as the Evangelist, to give time for the Hebraic-Greek style of the Apocalypse to mature into the elegant Greek of the Gospel. But Professor Swete very properly observes that this is quite supererogatory trouble. If the writer be the same—and the seven Churches to whom letters are addressed in the Apocalypse are in the very district where the writer of the Gospel is supposed to have ministered—the wide difference in style can find sufficient explanation in the circumstance of the Apocalypse being the writer's work unaided by others owing to his confinement in Patmos, while the Gospel, a tradition specifically states, was written under others' supervision—quite possibly by another's pen. Dr. Swete therefore pronounces for the view "that the Apocalypse at least in its present form, belongs, as Irenæus believed, to the reign of Domitian and to the last years of that reign (90-96). This date appears to be consistent with the general character or purpose of the book. The Apocalypse as a whole presupposes a period when in Asia, at least, the Church was compelled to choose between Cæsar and Christ. And the prophet foresees that this is no local or passing storm, but one which will spread over the whole Empire, and run a long course, ending only with the fall of paganism and of Rome. The Coming of the Lord is no longer connected with the Fall of Jerusalem, which is viewed as an event of past history."

Those who can read Greek should certainly procure this edition if they would have in a compendious form all the information now accessible for an intelligent study of the Book. Ministers of religion should purvey its learning to their congregations. Yet, it is fair to state, they must be prepared to find that even now much is left undetermined. The illuminating and discriminating touch, the instantaneous insight, of a master is not always possible. There is learning, labour, research, impartiality, sanity of judgment—but originality and decision at times are out of place, and the reader finds what seems almost an embarrassment before a mass of material, a contentment to record and tabulate others' opinions, and a calm submission to what rash spirits feel to be the pain of suspending judgment and confessing ignorance. Thus the curious reader will be disappointed when he finds that the Number of the Beast is to Dr. Swete insoluble. Perhaps, indeed, it may be claimed with some reason that this is necessarily venial, although as the Professor himself points out, the writer seems to imply that the meaning is patent enough to intelligence and reflection. Similarly the mysterious substance *χαλκοῦ βαυρος* mentioned in Rev. i. 15, is left with its etymology uncertain, though the editor decides rightly enough that it is a metal.

It has been said that Dr. Swete is satisfied that the difference in style between the Gospel and the Apocalypse makes it not impossible to accept the traditional view that both proceed from one pen. The reader will expect that, having thus removed what is generally treated as a difficulty, the Professor will conclude that the author is St. John, the son of Zebedee. He will find, however, that two apparently unconnected witnesses have been discovered to the fact that Papias, the date of whose writing may be accepted as about 100 A.D., testifies that this John like his brother James was put to death by the Jews. "While inclining," Dr. Swete writes, "to the traditional view which holds that the author of the Apocalypse was the Apostle John, the present writer desires to keep an open mind upon the question. Fresh evidence may at any time be produced which will turn the scale in favour of the Elder"—another John, long known to us from another fragment of Papias. If this be correct, it would mean that no single Gospel proceeds in its present form from an Apostle, though the Fourth would be from a disciple and eyewitness. It is to be noticed, however, that if John the brother of James was martyred before 70 A.D., and another John lived at Ephesus till at least 98 A.D. as Irenæus says, the whole problem needs reinvestigation, for the various arguments assume a very different relative weight.

It is to be feared that some will find Dr. Swete's judgment disturbing. They may be re-assured by observing the attitude of the early Christian towards the books of the Bible. Dionysius the Bishop from 247 to 265 A.D. of the Patriarchal See of Alexandria writes: "That John is the writer of this book, we must believe, for he says so himself: but who this was, is doubtful."

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